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THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW

OCTOBER 1918

THE HISTORIC EPISCOPATE

Essays on the Early History of the Church and the Ministry.

Edited by H. B. SWETE, D.D. (Macmillans, 1918.)

The Evolution of the Christian Ministry. By REV. J. R.

COHU, M.A. (John Murray, 1918.)

IN 1910 Dr. J. M. Wilson, in a sermon preached before the University of Cambridge, appealed for a fresh examination of the questions which 'gather round the origin and early development of episcopacy and the nature and degree of the sanction which it possesses.' Amongst these questions he included an inquiry whether Episcopal Churches 'are so exclusively the branches of the Catholic Church that we are debarred by fundamental principles from recognizing the non-episcopal bodies as true branches of the one Catholic Church'; also whether men episcopally ordained alone possess a divine commission, whilst others hold their ministry and sacraments 'from below,' that is from human appointment. 'Are we justified,' he asked, 'in claiming exclusive privileges?—that sacramental grace is only given through Episcopal orders? . . . The time would seem to have come for a re-examination of the subject of the Apostolical Succession.' The Archbishop of Canterbury suggested that a formal response should be made to this public and searching appeal, and that the latest results of scholarly research bearing on these important subjects should be collected and clearly stated. Dr. Swete, then

Regius Professor of Theology at Cambridge, undertook the task, and chose a few eminent scholars of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, and Durham as contributors to a volume of essays which should meet what was felt to be a reasonable demand and a real need.

The volume described at the head of this article took some years in preparation, and it was practically, though not formally, completed before Dr. Swete's lamented death in May, 1917. It contains six essays by scholars of the front rank in ecclesiastical research; all, however, belonging to one school of Anglican opinion. Canon A. J. Mason and Dean Armitage Robinson contribute two essays, one on the early conception of the Church and the other on the Christian ministry in the sub-Apostolic period. The third and probably the most important essay is by Mr. C. H. Turner, the only layman in the list, who proves himself to be at least equal to the ablest clerical scholars. He deals with the crucial subject of 'Apostolical succession'—the original conception of its meaning and the problems concerning non-Catholic orders raised by it. The fourth essay, by Dr. Bernard, Archbishop of Dublin, deals in detail with the Cyprianic doctrine of the ministry. The last two essays are on 'Early Forms of Ordination' by Dr. W. H. Frere, who has made this subject his own; and on the 'Ministration of the Sacraments in Early Times' by Prebendary F. E. Brightman, one of the most eminent living ecclesiologists. The volume as a whole has been prepared with great care by Dr. Swete and Mr. Turner, and its unusually full indexes will help to make it a valuable reference-book on the important subjects of which it treats.

Dr. Wilson's questions, however, have distinctly not been answered. Probably they could not all be satisfactorily answered by any group of essayists in a single volume. Certainly questions so far-reaching and so controversial could not be adequately discussed by writers, however learned and eminent, who represent only one section, though

at present the largest and most influential section, of the Church of England. But the six essayists do not even attempt to answer them. They have limited themselves severely to 'historical investigation.' They have not considered it within their scope to discuss the very questions which Dr. Wilson urged as being now of pressing importance—how far, and on what grounds, episcopally constituted Churches can legitimately claim 'divine right' for their ministries and sacraments which they deny to all others. They are concerned only with 'history and its interpretation.' But the historian has to select and appraise the 'facts' which he presents, and everything depends upon the value he assigns to each, the proportionate emphasis he lays on each, and the interpretation he gives to the whole when he himself has marshalled the parts which compose it. In the earliest history of the Christian Church the facts and documents are known to be scanty; vast and far-reaching conclusions are built upon very slender premisses. The evidence of the New Testament, to begin with, is of the very first importance, but it is too often treated perfunctorily by ecclesiastical controversialists. One has only to name further the First Epistle of Clement, the *Didaché*—systematically disparaged by those who do not like its testimony—and the letters of Ignatius, to illustrate the familiar truth that interpretation constitutes at least 'nine points of the law.' What is called the historical method pure and simple can never be trusted to determine issues which, even within the pale of one ecclesiastical community, have been differently interpreted by scholars so universally respected as Lightfoot, Hort, and Gwatkin on the one hand, and Gore, Moberly, and Swete on the other.

I

Within their own self-assigned limits, the Essayists in varying degrees have rendered valuable service to the study of early Church history. Two or three of the mono-

graphs furnish excellent *mémoires pour servir* in relation to that larger whole of which they form parts. The period dealt with extends roughly over the second and third centuries. The subjects discussed include the theory of a 'charismatic' ministry, the meaning attached to 'apostolical succession' by Irenaeus and Tertullian, the measure of recognition accorded to 'non-Catholic orders,' and the significance of the rites of ordination and administration of the Sacraments, especially as affected by recently discovered documents known as 'Church Orders,' representing the opinions and practices of the times of Hippolytus. All these are questions of importance to students of ecclesiastical history, but they cannot be discussed in this article, for reasons which will appear. It may be said in a few words that the claim of the Dean of Wells to have overthrown the theory of a 'charismatic' ministry can be admitted only as regards a particular form of that theory, which exaggerated the claims of what he calls 'a ministry of enthusiasm' and did not recognize sufficiently the charismata of the regular officials of the Church. It cannot be fairly maintained that Apostles, prophets, and teachers 'ever stood as a triad apart, an exclusive spiritual aristocracy with authority to rule the Church,' or that the local ministry was not itself a gift of God to the whole Church, possessing its own characteristic χάρισμα, such as St. Paul implies when he speaks of 'helps and governments,' as well as 'healings and tongues.' But the facts remain, clearly written in the New Testament and the documents of sub-Apostolic times, that the earliest form of ministry was that in which Apostles, prophets, and teachers were the three highest grades; that it was general, not local; mainly itinerant, not settled; dependent upon special and often quite extraordinary personal endowments of insight or utterance, and that it was temporary in character and gradually passed away, giving place to the settled, regular, permanent ministry of 'officers,' in which stress was laid upon the

correct appointment to office rather than upon the personal endowments of those occupying official positions. The fact has an important bearing upon the early history of the ministry which cannot be followed out here.

Mr. C. H. Turner's essay exhibits patristic learning combined with the sound judgement and moderation of statement which do not always accompany it. He comes nearer than any other essayist to answering one of Dr. Wilson's most important questions, showing how the doctrine of 'successions,' as taught by Irenaeus in the second century, referred to the guardianship of the faith maintained by continuous tradition in the Catholic Church, as opposed to the varying and heretical tenets of Gnosticism, not to a stewardship of grace confined to one particular channel. So, in Mr. Turner's phrase, the succession was 'from holder to holder, not from consecrator to consecrated.' In other words, that which constituted the value of the continuity in succession was not, as we so constantly hear to-day, the safe transmission from the Apostles of unique supernatural power, but the fact that the Church of Christ had acted throughout by its own properly constituted authorities. Mr. Turner, in the second part of his essay, draws attention to the serious difference existing between the position of Cyprian and that of Augustine on the subjects of non-Catholic orders and the validity of non-Catholic Sacraments. According to Cyprian, the gift of the Spirit can be enjoyed only within the Church, and without the grace of the Spirit the Sacraments are nothing. According to Augustine, the Sacraments derive their reality, not from the due appointment of a minister, but from Christ Himself. 'Outside His Church the Sacraments are there all the same; they cannot be repeated.' Presbyter or deacon may have received his orders at the hands of schismatics or heretics, 'still his orders are real and he can no more be given another ordination than another baptism.' There can be little doubt that this varying attitude of the Church in North

Africa was largely due to the fact that the heretics of the earlier period were Gnostics, comparatively few in number and pagan in their spirit, while in the later centuries the Donatists were numerous, influential, and separated from 'Catholics' only by a narrow line of ecclesiastical form and order. The Church could afford to disregard in the one case dissent and opposition which in the other threatened for a time its very existence. The measure of recognition accorded to 'schismatics' depends to some extent upon the nature of the schism. For if he who needlessly causes schism is the true schismatic, the Church itself—paradoxical though it be to say so—may wake to find itself schismatic even in its so-called 'catholicity.'

The Archbishop of Dublin, in his exposition of the Cyprianic doctrine of the ministry, is traversing well-trodden and familiar ground. The epoch he describes is of great importance in the development of the Church, especially as regards the doctrines of sacerdotalism and the conception of Church unity then adopted and ever since maintained. But 'Cyprianism' as a stage in ecclesiastical evolution, destined soon to make way for another and more permanent type of Church order, is well understood, and Dr. Bernard rather unfolds than adds to our knowledge. We are compelled to leave untouched a score of interesting points suggested by the last two essays, which appeal strongly to scholars, but are 'caviare to the general.' The public mind, both inside and outside of the Church of England, is occupied at present with larger issues, to which we now turn.

II

There was certainly no thought in the minds of any, when these essays were first planned, that they would appear in such times as the present, when reconstruction and reunion of Churches are words on every lip. The questions which are of living interest to-day are those raised in the first instance by Canon Wilson, in their application to

projects of federation and reunion. 'Are we (Anglicans) justified in claiming exclusive privileges? Is sacramental grace only given through episcopal orders?' Can any closer relation between Christians of episcopal and non-episcopal Churches be brought about without serious sacrifice of principle on either side? For obvious reasons it will be best briefly to fasten attention upon the well-known phrase 'historic episcopate,' used in the title of this article. It is taken from the famous Lambeth 'Quadrilateral' of 1888. The four points therein enumerated as essential to the restoration of unity were the acceptance of Scripture as the revealed word of God, the Nicene Creed as a sufficient statement of the Christian faith, the two Sacraments instituted by our Lord, and (4) 'The Historic Episcopate, locally adapted in the methods of its administration to the varying needs of the nations and peoples called of God into the unity of His Church.'

The first three of these articles have raised but slight discussion. The last has been regarded as presenting the chief barrier to unity between Conformists and Nonconformists in this country. No authoritative exposition has been forthcoming of its somewhat ambiguous language, yet much hinges upon the interpretation of what has been constituted by some an *articulus stantis vel cadentis ecclesiae*. During the past year or two discussions which appeared to be only abstract and academic have, for reasons well known to most of our readers, assumed immediate practical importance. A document was issued last March, being the second interim report of a sub-committee, appointed partly by an 'Archbishops' Committee' and partly by Commissions of the English Free Churches, in connexion with the proposed World Conference on Faith and Order. It promises a mutual *rapprochement* between Episcopalians and non-Episcopalians, such as few friends of Christian unity could a few years ago have ventured to hope for. It attempts to secure on the one hand the effective preserva-

tion of continuity with the historic episcopate, whilst on the other the episcopate is to re-assume a constitutional form, non-Episcopalians being asked to accept only the fact of Episcopacy and not any theory as to its character, without, that is, being compelled to disown their past and giving up the very principles for the sake of which they have so long maintained independent existence. Is this aim altogether Utopian? Is it possible for Nonconformists to 'accept episcopacy' without surrender of fundamental principles? The answer to the question depends partly upon the answer to another, the exact scope of which has never been set forth by those who framed the Lambeth 'Quadri-lateral.' What is meant by the Historic Episcopate?

The essays edited by Dr. Swete do not answer this vital question at all. Mr. Cohu's book on *The Evolution of the Christian Ministry*, forming part of the 'Modern Churchman's Library,' is much more to the point. It aims at giving an accurate account, 'free from ecclesiastical bias,' of the development of the Christian ministry from the Apostolic age to the present day. Of course only a slight sketch of so vast a subject is possible within the brief space assigned. But Mr. Cohu's sketch is clear in outline, scholarly in treatment, and it would be difficult to give in a few score pages an abler account of a complicated and in places obscure history than the author here presents. It is enough to show that the view of the origins of the Christian ministry held by Hort and Lightfoot during recent years, and by 'moderate' Episcopalians for centuries past, is still held by at least a considerable section of the Anglican Church. It may be described as a loyal maintenance of the Episcopalian form of government as belonging to the *bene esse* of the Church, dating from very early times, perhaps claiming some Apostolic sanction, universally accepted in the Church 'catholic' from the end of the second to the sixteenth century, as having proved itself by experience to be the best, at least for conservative and defensive

purposes, and as now constituting a sacred trust which those charged with it cannot be expected to relinquish. There is a fundamental difference, however, between this view and another, also largely held in the Church of England. According to it, episcopacy is absolutely necessary to the very existence of the Church of Christ. This form of government possesses divine right, an authority conferred by Christ Himself. It is based on an unbroken succession from the Apostles onwards, who communicated to their episcopal successors supernatural grace, which since their time has descended through one channel of church organization and one only. Outside the episcopally constituted Church is no salvation, no 'covenanted security.' All Presbyterian, Methodist, and Congregationalist organizations have by their very constitution committed the 'sin of schism,' they have 'violated a fundamental law of the Church's life,' inasmuch as a ministry not episcopally received is invalid, opposed to the mind and will of Christ. Sacraments administered in such communities confer no grace, and it is a sin even to countenance the existence of such 'schismatic' bodies. The two theories of episcopacy thus briefly sketched differ fundamentally in their basis and implications. Whether non-Episcopalians can or cannot 'accept episcopacy' remains to be seen. It depends upon many considerations, but obviously among the first it depends upon what form of episcopacy they are asked to accept.

It is impossible here to sketch even in barest outline the true 'historic' episcopate—that is, the stages of development through which this ecclesiastical office has passed—a history bristling with controversial questions and in places very obscure. It may however be briefly said :

1. No form of Church government possesses divine right, as having been derived from Christ Himself. Our Lord never referred to the subject of organization for a society in which none was to be called Rabbi, for 'One is your Master and all ye are brethren.' He appointed twelve apostles,

whose influence, as Hort has shown, was rather moral than technically official, and none of them attempted at any time to prescribe a form of Church government as obligatory.

2. In the New Testament the two terms presbyter and bishop were nearly interchangeable. Perhaps all bishops were presbyters, though not all presbyters were bishops. In any case (cf. Acts xx. 17 and 28, Phil. i. 1, and the first Epistle of Clement) there were many 'presbyter-bishops' in each Church, forming a kind of collegiate government.

3. By successive stages—some of them still obscure through the scantiness of the information that has come down to us—a distinct 'episcopate' was gradually formed out of the presbyterate—'a creation,' says Lightfoot, which 'was not so much an isolated act, as a progressive development, not advancing everywhere at a uniform rate, but exhibiting at one and the same time different stages of growth in different Churches.' The functions of the bishop and presbyter are regarded as substantially the same in kind, though different in degree, as Jerome afterwards asserted. As to the method of development in the second century, Bishop Lightfoot's words are well known—'The episcopate was formed not out of the Apostolic order by localization, but out of the presbyteral by elevation; and the title, which originally was common to all, came at length to be appropriated to the chief among them.'

4. When 'monarchical' episcopacy came to be the rule, the bishop was not a 'diocesan' prelate, but a local pastor—like the rector of a large parish, or the superintendent of a Methodist circuit. Such was the bishop of whom Ignatius uses language so lofty and extravagant as to sound almost blasphemous. He may have been inculcating an ideal rather than describing the actual. But obviously the office, if at all approaching his sketch of it, must have powerfully promoted unity and made for the close organization of loosely organized communities. Episcopacy in something like this form was practically universal by the end of the second century.

5. It is to be borne in mind that from sub-Apostolic times onwards the bishop was chosen by the community. He was its elected representative head, but he administered his office always in counsel with the presbyters his colleagues, and for the most part he sought and was guided by the advice of the laity. The clergy were not yet the Church. Dr. Hort says that 'in the Apostolic age the Ecclesia itself, i.e. apparently the sum of all its male adult members, is the primary body and it would seem even the primary authority.'

6. As time went on, the power of the bishop steadily increased, till practically the whole authority of the community had passed into his hands, as representative ruler of the whole. He led the worship, baptized, 'confirmed' (to use a modern word), presided at the Eucharist, had full control of the finances, and represented his Church in relation to the civil authorities, as well as in its intercourse with other Churches. His election by the body of the Church passed into an appointment by a synod 'with the approval' of the Church, and subsequently that approval degenerated into a mere form. In the course of the third century the ordination of a bishop was placed exclusively in the hands of assembled bishops.

7. The age of Cyprian formed an epoch of great importance in the history of the episcopate. He makes claims for the bishop which had never been made before in the same way, and lifts him altogether above both clergy and laity, as ruling not by Church appointment, but by divine right. The 'succession' acquires a new meaning. None can transmit what he does not possess, and bishops alone have received from their predecessors, thence from the Apostles, thence from Christ and God Himself, supernatural grace which belongs to them alone. The bishop is the one fount of 'order.' He only has the power of a sacrificing priest, offering the Eucharistic sacrifice, a representative not of man to God, but of God to man, possessing sole power of mediation, absolution, and ordination. He may

delegate some of his power upon occasion to any of his presbyters as assistants, but they depend wholly upon him as the one channel of grace. In the fourth century, when it became impossible for one man to perform all sacramental rites, the position of presbyters was somewhat altered, authority to 'sacrifice' and to 'absolve' being often thus delegated to them, though not the power to 'ordain' or 'confirm.' The government of the Church as a whole—e.g. in N. Africa—was vested in a college of co-equal bishops with co-ordinate authority. Cyprian strove hard to arrest development at this stage. He resisted every attempt to grade or organize bishops; but, as might have been expected, tendencies arising from the very conditions of the case were too strong for him. In later years rank after rank in the hierarchy rose in ascending scale—metropolitan, archbishop, patriarch, pope—the power and influence of the individual bishop varying greatly under varying conditions through a thousand years of papal monarchy.

8. We have not marked the extension of the bishop's authority from the local pastorate to diocesan government. The transition was slow and gradual, and cannot be traced in detail. The bishop was not only the one pastor in every town congregation, but the head of the whole Christian community in a given area, whatever its size might be. In Rome, about 250 A.D., the bishop was supported by a staff of 46 presbyters, 14 deacons, and nearly 100 persons belonging to minor orders. In Egypt the monarchical episcopate did not develop till late, when each bishop was head of a district (*νομός*).

9. During the later Middle Ages the man who was primarily chief pastor in a Christian Church became in some countries a great secular potentate. Just as civil power and influence of all kinds came to be concentrated in the Bishop of Rome—for example, in the time of Gregory I, when the Empire so rapidly declined—so in feudal times the bishop became a territorial magnate, possessing great

political and even military authority. Bishops were amongst the electors of the Holy Roman Empire, and 'prince-bishops' were familiar figures in Durham and Lincoln, as well as in Münster and Treves and Cologne.

10. In the sixteenth century came the many changes brought about by the Reformation. Some Reformed Churches retained episcopacy, others rejected monarchical bishops, whilst recognizing presbyters whose duty it was ~~to~~ to superintend or exercise oversight. In England episcopacy was retained, for reasons which cannot here be stated. The rejection of the Papacy was a national movement led by the Crown, and the whole subject of the appointment, position, and functions of bishops has been complicated by the close connexion between Church and State. James I knew what he was saying when he exclaimed 'No bishop, no king!' But for 100 years after the Reformation in this country presbyterian ordination was recognized as valid, as the language of Hooker and Andrewes, the phraseology and the silence of the Thirty-nine Articles, and the actual practice of the Church during a considerable period, are sufficient to show. Under the influence of Laud in the seventeenth century a 'higher' doctrine of the Church and the ministry began to prevail, and the Tractarian movement in the nineteenth introduced doctrines of apostolical succession and sacramental grace which still determine the tone and temper of a large section of the Anglican clergy.

III

These scattered notes on a wide and difficult subject are sufficient to show that from sub-Apostolic times to the present day the term 'bishop' has connoted widely differing ideas, and that the 'episcopate' has passed through a long and complicated process of development. If in the near future a proposal is made in any sense to unite the Anglican and Free Churches of this country on the basis 'that con-

tinuity with the historic episcopate should be effectively preserved,' it is clear that the practicability of such union must depend altogether upon the meaning of a well-worn but ill understood phrase. It is practically impossible to accept the fact of episcopacy 'without any theory of its character.' It is true that details as to the precise functions of bishops—e.g. the mode of their election, their relation to diocesan councils and the like—might be left to a later stage of discussion. But if Churches which now stand for presbyterian and congregationalist principles—including the essential equality of all ministers of Christ as regards 'order'—are to accept 'episcopacy without prelacy,' they must be quite clear as to the meaning of such a phrase. Evangelical Free Churches for the most part hold that no specific form of government is prescribed for the Christian Church in all ages and that none is essential to its existence, though they may be willing to grant that this or that form, episcopacy included, has been at certain epochs, and may still be, highly desirable for its welfare. They have no intrinsic objection to the function of an ἐπισκοπός, as exercising 'oversight.' The 'superintendent' is known in Lutheran and Methodist Churches.

In 1784 John Wesley, a presbyter in the Church of England, 'convinced that bishops and presbyters are the same order,' appointed Dr. Coke and Francis Asbury 'to be joint superintendents over our brethren in N. America,' and Richard Whatcoat and Thomas Vasey to act as elders, baptizing and administering the Lord's Supper. This action was of course a direct violation of the law of the Church of England, but Wesley, in taking it, recognized the desirability in the Church of 'general superintendents,' as well as of presbyters. The widely ramifying 'Methodist Episcopal' Churches of America—now perhaps the most numerous Protestant Churches in the world—have for more than a century proved the wisdom of this step. In Wesleyan Methodism at home the principle of 'separated chairmen of districts' and 'general superintendents' on foreign

stations has been admitted, though its application has been watched with some godly jealousy. Even Baptists and Congregationalists are coming to see the advantages of connexionalism, and have begun to recognize the desirability of appointing ministers with strictly limited powers of supervision over local churches and pastors in given areas.

The real difficulty does not lie in the use of the term 'bishop'—though the prejudice against it, owing to some of its associations in the past, is easily intelligible—but in the nature of the authority which the name is understood to connote. Wherein lies the ultimate power under Christ as the great Head of the Church? Must all authority come 'from above,' i.e. from the Apostles through functionaries to whom they imparted special grace not otherwise obtainable? Is all authority which comes 'from below'—i.e. conferred by the body of the Church, the rank and file of the Christian brotherhood—to be considered null and void? We have seen that according to Dr. Hort, in Apostolic times the primary authority rested with the community as a whole—the 'spiritual house, the holy priesthood' of Church members, together with the Apostles and presbyter-bishops at their head, whom all delighted to honour. We have seen also how the working power of the society came—as it always does in human affairs—to be vested in its officers, then in its higher officers to the exclusion of the lower, and then after a while it was said 'that this last condition of affairs had existed from the beginning. These ecclesiastical details are very old subjects of debate, and there is no need to revive them now unless some kind of amalgamation is proposed which would imply that Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Methodists were asked to accept episcopacy. It would then become imperative that those to whom the principles of free 'democratic' Church government are committed should not commit themselves to 'monarchical' or 'oligarchical' principles, without a clear understanding of what underlies them.

We are among those who heartily rejoice that attempts are being made 'towards Christian unity,' which will make it easier for episcopal and non-episcopal Churches to understand one another. But for this purpose full and frank discussion is necessary. The present may not be the moment for it, when world-issues are at stake and when the freedom of nations is being agonized for—may it be for the last time! To discuss fine points of Church government just now may perhaps seem like fiddling when Rome is burning. But the cause of freedom in the Churches is precious also. It must be kept in view, as well as that other sacred cause of Christian unity, which at this time there is great anxiety to promote. Christian unity does not necessarily imply ecclesiastical uniformity. And it may be said in passing that ecclesiastical uniformity has often been insisted on without securing true Christian unity either in spirit or in doctrine. Christian unity, like national peace, can only be secured if it is based upon clear and sound principles of freedom and righteousness.

The Report, from which we have quoted above, rightly insists that if amalgamation of any kind between Episcopalians and non-Episcopalians is aimed at, 'the Episcopate should re-assume a constitutional form, both as regards the method of election of the bishop as by clergy and people and the method of government after election.' That is well. It implies changes which would, we believe, be welcomed by very many within the Church of England, though it will not be easy to secure them in practice after centuries of 'monarchical' tradition, especially bearing in mind the complications introduced by the connexion of Church and State. But no machinery of synods, diocesan councils, or 'houses of laymen,' will avail adequately to modify the administration of a supreme functionary, whether in Church or in State, unless there is a clear understanding as to whence his authority is derived and on what basis it ultimately rests. This may be called a 'theory

as to the character ' of episcopacy and so be ruled out of present discussion. But the question will inevitably recur, and any kind of reunion between Churches that had not fully faced and settled it would be hollow and transient. It is true that parties exist side by side in the Church of England to-day between which serious differences of opinion on these subjects exist. But the bond of State Establishment is strong, and the ties of long and carefully cherished traditions are not easily broken. Those who wish to heal 'the present unhappy divisions' of Christendom—and who would not if he could?—must be prepared to probe pretty deeply into their causes, unless they wish half-healed wounds to break out afresh.

It is indeed a great gain that representative men from various Christian Churches should meet to discuss and try to remove differences, especially if they have courage enough to penetrate to the roots of things. It is surely the duty of all Churches to promote such conferences and be prepared to make sacrifices, short of the surrender of principle, in order to promote unity. Organic union may not be possible in some cases; federation may only add to the already cumbrous organization of some ecclesiastical bodies; less than federation, it may be said, could hardly be called union at all. These are difficulties and objections, the force of which can only be estimated by Churches determined to remove all removable causes of disunion and dissension. How far it may be possible to realize the hopes now being cherished on both sides of the Atlantic remains to be seen; the issues of these debates and consultations do not lie in the hands of those who conduct them. As truly Christian men they believe that a higher Mind will direct and a higher Hand will rule and overrule their reports and resolutions and proposals. Signs are not wanting that such divine overruling may appear ere long in the affairs of nations. In 1815 Europe was settled after a fashion at the Congress of Vienna—a fashion intended to suit kings and dynasties and privi-

leged classes, little regard being paid to the pressing claims of nationalities. The principle of nationalism has since asserted itself, and proved powerful enough first to shake, then to shatter, an artificially constructed balance of power.

But in these tremendous days the whole world has been called in to redress balances in one continent and to rescue a civilization in danger. We are being made in spite of ourselves to see that nationalism is not enough. Internationalism or Supernationalism is necessary—a League of nations for which there is no appropriate name because there has never been such a world-alliance before, and at present it only hovers before the imagination like a dream. Something of the kind, however, is absolutely necessary if permanent peace is to be secured for Europe and the world. ‘Civilized nations must learn to agree, or perish.’ And what of the Church of Christ? Will organized Christian Churches continue much longer as they are in an era of reconstruction if they are unable, or unwilling, to agree upon great fundamental verities and on lesser matters to agree to differ? The Lord of the ages is waiting. The Lord of the Churches looks to see if they can find the right answer to the many searching questions which are being asked both within and without the circle of His professed followers. If that answer be not forthcoming, the Churches may find, as the nations have found, that One Higher than they is preparing a solution which will greatly surprise or even utterly dismay them. No cunningly devised ecclesiastical schemes and compromises will suffice to bring about true and abiding unity. But the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus, who is the Spirit of truth and the Spirit of love, all-controlling and all-subduing, is at work, and if they will but follow His lead He will guide long-severed Christian Churches into a true unity of the Spirit by means of ‘that most excellent gift of charity, which is the very bond of peace.’

W. T. DAVISON.

A NEW CONSTITUTION FOR INDIA

Report on Indian Constitutional Reforms. By the RT. HON. E. S. MONTAGU, M.P., and LORD CHELMSFORD. Cd. 9109. 1918.

Parliamentary Debates. House of Lords, Vol. 31, No. 64. House of Commons, Vol. 109, No. 95.

India in Transition. By H.H. THE AGA KHAN. (Lee Warner.) 1918.

Letters to the People of India on Responsible Government. By LIONEL CURTIS. (Macmillan.) 1918.

The Governance of India as It Is and as It May Be. By GOVINDA DAS. (G. A. Natesan & Co. Madras.) 1917.

I

WHEN hostilities began in August, 1914, Indian leaders possessed the Imperial patriotism and political sagacity to sink their differences with the Government, and to offer whole-heartedly to co-operate with the officials in the prosecution of the war. They further had the high-mindedness to refuse to make capital out of Britain's necessity and demand a *quid pro quo* for India's services.

That generous action has done more to advance Indians on the road of constitutional reform than all the political agitation that they had carried on for more than a generation. It proved to the British that educated Indians were not the rebels that they were reputed to be. The spectacle of Indians fighting to preserve the liberties of other nations while they themselves lacked freedom even to manage the pettiest of their own domestic affairs, forced the British to realize the incongruity of the rôle that they were playing in India—that of a mock Grand Moghul. No amount of attacks by Indians upon the irresponsible character of the Government of India could possibly have produced the effect upon the British mind that was produced by the revelations made by the Mesopotamia Commission, which

shattered the claims of efficiency made in behalf of that Government, as, for instance, pointed out by Mr. E. S. Montagu, who said :

‘ . . . your great claim to continue the illogical system of government by which you have governed India in the past is that it was efficient. It has proved to be not efficient.’¹

Shortly following the debate in Parliament on the report of the Mesopotamia Commission, His Majesty’s Government complied with the wishes of the Government of India and authorized the Secretary of State to make a statement on British policy in India, to which the concurrence of the latter Government had been secured. Two postulates were laid down, namely, (1) ‘increasing the association of Indians in every branch of the administration,’ and (2) ‘the gradual development of self-governing institutions with a view to the progressive realization of responsible government in India, as an integral part of the British Empire.’²

This pronouncement had two cardinal defects : (1) It gave the question of posts precedence over that of control of policy—manifestly a case of placing the cart before the horse ; and (2) it reserved the determination of the pace of progress jointly to His Majesty’s Government and the Government of India. Since the last-named Government is bureaucratic, and is to be sheared of its autocracy, it would obviously be wrong to appoint it as one of the judges. The views of that Government, of course, deserve consideration, just as Indian opinions, claims, and aspirations do ; but British Democracy is the sole trustee of Indian liberties, and cannot divide its responsibility for determining the rate at which India should be advanced towards responsible government with any subordinate authority created by it.

¹ *Parliamentary Debates*, House of Commons. Vol. 95, No. 93, p. 2,208.

² *Ibid.*, Vol. 97, No. 120, pp. 1,694–5.

II

Within a few weeks of making the pronouncement on British policy in India, Mr. Montagu went to India at the head of a Mission¹ to conduct, with the co-operation of Lord Chelmsford, an inquiry into political and administrative conditions in that country. The results of that investigation have recently been placed before the public in the form of a report indited by the Secretary of State and the Viceroy. The proposals embodied in it have received the support of the members of the Montagu Mission, which included representatives of the Liberal and Conservative parties, of the Government of India, and of the Secretary of State's Council. In other words, the document is backed up by officialdom in India and at the India Office, for it is inconceivable that the younger members of the bureaucracy would refuse to follow so authoritative a lead.

It would have greatly added to the weight of the report had it received the blessings of Indian leaders. In that case the scheme it contains would have amounted to a compromise accepted by all parties concerned, and would have had the best of chances of early acceptance by Parliament. In view of that deficiency, His Majesty's Government have done well to reserve their opinion in regard to even the principles enunciated in it until they have had the opportunity closely to examine it, and until public opinion in India and this country has expressed itself.

Unlike most State papers, the Montagu-Chelmsford report is neither formidable nor dull. On the contrary, it reads like a review article—long but interesting. It discusses with marked ability and sincerity of purpose political and administrative matters vitally affecting India, and, in an important sense, the whole empire. Its survey of past events and efforts is, generally speaking, accurate and impartial, though in places it betrays too much regard

¹ See the Author's article in the *London Quarterly Review* for January, 1918.

for the susceptibilities of the permanent officials and their vested interests, while, at the same time, it unduly depreciates Indian legislative and administrative experience. Had a few capable Indians been associated with the authors of the report while it was being written, as the officials were, it is unlikely that there would have been room for such criticism.

III

Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford have completely rectified one of the defects that I pointed out in the pronouncement on British policy in India. Whereas the reconstitution of governance, directly or indirectly, occupies the bulk of the report, the question of Indianizing the administrative agency is given only a few pages towards the end of the volume. In assigning true values to power over policy and administrative appointments, the joint authors have performed an immense service to the cause of truth. As Mr. Ramsay Macdonald rightly observed in the course of a recent debate in the House of Commons, what Indians 'really want a million times beyond access to the higher administrative posts of all sorts is political reform, though they are alive to the connexion between the two.'¹ That is a point that I have often emphasized.

Since I cannot spare much space for the discussion of the recommendations made for the Indianization of the public services in India, it will be best to add here that Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford have shown greater generosity towards Indians than did the members of the Public Services Commission. They have had the courage to reverse the principle formulated by that Commission that 'the good governance of India requires the employment in the higher ranks (of the Indian Civil Service and the Police Department) of a preponderating proportion of British officers.'²

¹ *Parliamentary Debates*, House of Commons. Vol. 109, No. 95, p. 1,160.

² *Report of the Royal Commission on the Public Services in India*, Vol. 1, p. 22.

Their proposals, if faithfully carried out, would Indianize half of the Indian Civil Service in a decade. I am sorry to note, however, that no definite recommendations are made in regard to giving commissions to Indians, and the announcements made in Parliament subsequent to the publication of the report leave much to be desired.

The joint authors of the report have largely, but not entirely, removed the second defect that I pointed out in the pronouncement on British policy in India. While they propose to leave the Government of India power to modify provincial constitutions five years after the experiment in responsible government has been initiated, they recommend appointment of commissions, the personnel of which is to be approved by Parliament, to review the position of the central and provincial Governments in India ten years after the next instalment of reforms takes effect, and at intervals of twelve years thereafter. Even if they did not propose to have a wholly bureaucratic Government of India, considerations of justice and equity alike urge that only an independent authority created by Parliament should recommend the curtailment of any power given to the people's representatives.

The Montagu-Chelmsford proposals fall under four separate heads, inasmuch as they relate to (1) the machinery that controls government in India from Whitehall, (2) the Government of India, (3) the provincial Governments, and (4) local authorities. I propose to deal with each separately.

IV

The most important among the definite recommendations made for the modification of the control exercised by the Imperial authorities over the Government of India is the proposal to place the salary of the Secretary of State for India on the British estimates, as is the case with the salary of the Secretary of State for the Colonies. That

change, slight as it looks, would remove a differentiation that is galling to every Indian. It is, moreover, hoped that it would induce Parliament to give increased attention to Indian affairs, though I am afraid that that hope may prove illusory, for pressure of home affairs on Parliament is bound to increase as time goes on.

Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford further propose that at the beginning of every session a select committee of the House of Commons shall be appointed to report to that House on Indian affairs for the past year. That committee can serve as a useful organ of criticism only if composed of independent and capable men who are not likely, through past association or personal or political interest, to have a tender heart for the bureaucracy in India. The weak point in regard to its constitution appears to be that its criticism would relate to events dead and gone. It would indulge in 'a purely academic discussion which had no effect whatever upon events in India, conducted after the events that were being discussed had taken place,' as Mr. Montagu characterized the pre-war Indian debates in the House of Commons.¹ What is really wanted is an impartial body unconnected with the India Office that would act as a restraining influence upon the Government of India so long as it remained even partially uncontrolled by Indians.

The suggestions made by Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford in regard to the transfer of powers from the Secretary of State for India to the Government of India are vague to the point of causing grave anxiety to any one who is interested in the ordered progress of responsible government in India. In my opinion, the principles on which the India Office is to be re-organized ought to have been laid down in definite and clear terms. At least Mr. Montagu has a very good idea of the evils that are crying out

¹ *Parliamentary Debates*, House of Commons, Vol. 95, No. 93, p. 2,203.

to be rectified there, for not so very long ago he stated in the House of Commons that :

' . . . even if the House of Commons were to give orders to the Secretary of State, the Secretary of State is not his own master. In matters vitally affecting India, he can be over-ruled by a majority of his Council. . . . And these gentlemen are appointed for seven years, and can only be controlled from the Houses of Parliament by Resolution carried in both Houses calling on them for their resignations. The whole system of the India Office is designed to prevent control by the House of Commons for fear that there might be too advanced a Secretary of State.

' Does any Member of this House know much about the procedure in the India Office, how the Council sits in Committees, how there is interposed between the Civil Servant and the political chiefs the Committees of the India Council, and how the draft on some simple question comes up through the Civil Servant to the Under-Secretary of State, and may be referred back to the Committee which sends it back to him, and it then goes to the Secretary of State, who then sends it to the India Council, which may refer it back to the Committee, and two or three times in its history it may go backwards and forwards. I say that that is a system so cumbrous, so designed to prevent efficiency and change, that in the light of these revelations (made by the Mesopotamia Commission) it cannot continue to exist . . . the statutory organization of the India Office produces an apotheosis of circumlocution and red tape beyond the dreams of any ordinary citizen.' ¹

This is not the language employed on a sudden impulse by an Indian rhetorician, but that of an Englishman who, during his many years at the India Office, had become intimately acquainted with the procedure in vogue there, and who, after his appointment as Secretary of State for India a few days after he had made these remarks, deliberately chose to stand by every word that he had spoken on that occasion. They created a profound impression in India, because no English statesman had ever before spoken so boldly. Any one who wishes to see how Mr. Montagu's ideas on this subject are in accord with Indian views has but to glance through the pages of *The Governance of India*, which examines, with great ability, the existing system of administration and suggests how it can be re-organized.

¹ *Parliamentary Debates*, House of Commons. Vol. 95, No. 93, pp. 2,205, 2,206.

Until India has a fully responsible Government, the broad principles governing national legislation, national finance, the monetary system, fiscal autonomy, national defence, India's foreign relations, and Indian communications—each with a direct and important bearing upon India's advancement—will continue to be settled in this country. For a long time to come men for a considerable number of superior posts in India will continue to be recruited from this country, and large quantities of civil and military stores will have to be purchased in Britain. The interests of justice and progress, quite as much as considerations of expediency, make it incumbent upon His Majesty's Government to supplement the Montagu-Chelmsford report with proposals that will make the India Office machinery acceptable to Indians. A committee composed of capable and independent Britons and Indians should be set up to formulate such a scheme.

It should not be difficult for British statesmanship to devise a means of representing India at the Empire's councils in consonance with Indian wishes. No objection could be taken to the present system if the Government of India was conducted on the same lines as the Governments of the self-governing Dominions. That, however, is not the case, and will not be the case in the immediate future. The result is that the delegates from India, *however unexceptionable they may be personally*, are nominees of the bureaucracy uncontrolled by Indians. So great an anomaly ought to be removed long before peace is in sight, and India's destiny, in common with that of the rest of the Empire, is decided at the Peace Conference.

V

The changes in the Government of India proposed by Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford fall far short of Indian wishes. They refuse even partially to subject the central bureaucracy to Indian control, and thereby disappoint

reasonable Indians, who are quite prepared to preserve the authority of the Governor-General-in-Council over matters pertaining to defence and foreign affairs (including, of course, relations with the ruling Maharajas and Nawabs), but insist upon bringing the other functions of the central Government under Indian control.

The Secretary of State and the Viceroy take considerable pains to justify their refusal to accede to this Indian wish. They contend that a sound electoral system and truly representative assemblies do not exist in India, and that it will take time to develop them. They further contend that the issues involved in central government are much too important to be subjected to experiment.

In his *Letters to the People of India on Responsible Government*, Mr. Lionel Curtis, of the *Round Table*, makes an even more elaborate effort to limit the constitutional experiment to provincial governments than Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford do. He quotes the pronouncement on British policy in India in support of his argument that India can realize responsible government only by successive stages. If he could have had his way, he, for the present, would have left the central bureaucracy as it was.

Let us view the case for the other side. The Government of India is 'too wooden, too iron, too inelastic, too antediluvian, to be of any use for the *modern purposes we have in view*,' to quote Mr. Montagu.¹ Decentralization will certainly relieve the central bureaucracy of considerable responsibility. It is, however, to be remembered that if the most generous interpretation is put upon the rather obscure recommendations for devolution made by Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford, the Government of India will still have no light responsibility, and unless its machinery is improved, there will be grave dangers of break-down. But even if the Government of India can be made an efficient organ without being subjected to Indian control in any

¹ *Parliamentary Debates*, House of Commons. Vol. 95, No. 93, p. 2,203.

manner or to any degree—on the face of it an unsound proposition—it will fail to stir Indian pride, or to secure the fullest Indian co-operation. No Indian with a spark of patriotism can feel that in the era of reconstruction the weightiest of Indian issues can safely be left to a Government that does not derive its authority from Indians, that is not responsible to them, and that is not even largely Indian in composition, even though it may be the most benevolent and the most disinterested of foreign bureaucracies.

No. There is but one path open to British statesmanship. That course is not to belittle Indian administrative and political experience, but to make the most of it, to give India as truly a national administration as they possibly can—an administration that would appeal to the Indian imagination, and that would inspire Indians to sink their racial and religious differences and to make sacrifices for the common cause. This is no time for indulgence in pessimism or for lamenting over the short-sightedness of previous British administrators. Faulty though the Morley-Minto legislative councils are, they certainly have given Indians opportunities to gain experience and to demonstrate their desire for the moral and material upliftment of the dumb Indian masses. Wisdom lies in making the utmost of that experience, and also in husbanding the administrative ability that Indians have shown in parts of India still belonging to Indians, where, unlike British India, they have had opportunities to exercise their sense of initiative and responsibility. To stipulate that safeguards be taken against the weakening of forces that make for peace and prosperity is a demand that would certainly commend itself to every reasonable Indian. But arbitrarily to place Indian capacity and experience at so low a valuation as to justify denying them any form of control over the central Government, cannot possibly conduce to harmony or progress. The Montagu-Chelmsford proposals, which leave the Government of India irresponsible, must, therefore,

undergo modification before they are embodied in a Bill for presentation to Parliament.

Apart from this deficiency, the recommendations made by the Secretary of State and the Viceroy for the re-organization of the central Government are objectionable in other respects. The Council of State that they propose to create and to impose upon the present legislative assembly (which is to be enlarged and made more representative), will crystallize the worst features of the existing system, and possibly pave the way for fresh complications. Their disclaimer that that Council will not be a second chamber in itself shows that they are conscious of Indian opposition to all forms of Upper Houses. It is an irony of fate that, during a decade when British democracy has succeeded in curtailing the arbitrary powers of its own House of Lords, responsible British statesmen should propose to create an Indian House of Lords possessing a solid majority of official, landed, and capitalistic elements.

The recommendation made by Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford for the abolition of 'such statutory restrictions as now exist in respect of the appointment of members of the Governor-General's Council (Cabinet)' can appeal to Indians only if the Government of India is to be made responsible, and if the convention is to be established that men from public life in Britain and India alone, and not permanent officials are, in future, to be appointed to that Council. The joint authors of the report do not go so far in Indianizing the Council as Indians desire, nor have they assigned any sound reason for their failure to do so.

To sum up this section of the article: The recommendations made in regard to the Government of India need drastic revision. It would be a mistake to leave that Government altogether irresponsible to Indians. Such a Government would not inspire confidence in Indians nor secure their fullest co-operation. If India is to take her proper place in the new era that peace will usher in, her

Government must be attuned to Indian wishes and ideals. There is but one way to accomplish that object, and that is to subject it to Indian will as far as possible.

VI

The proposals made by Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford for the reconstruction of the Governments of the eight major provinces also fall short of Indian expectation, though not quite so much as those pertaining to the central Government. While Indians ask for full popular control over the entire provincial administration, the authors of the report propose to place only certain departments of that administration under Ministers responsible to Indian electorates. The others, by far the most important, are to remain under bureaucratic control. They have consequently been driven to devise machinery partly bureaucratic and partly responsible. Nothing quite like it is in actual operation anywhere, and therefore it is difficult to dogmatize as to how it will work.

In its basic ideas the provincial system proposed by Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford is similar to that outlined in the scheme that is associated with the name of Mr. Lionel Curtis, of the *Round Table*.¹ While some Indians gave that scheme their support, the main body of Indians objected to it. In view of that consideration, if for no other reason, it would have been expedient if the Secretary of State and the Viceroy had followed a different course.

In any scheme of 'compartmental autonomy' the police would not be placed under Indian control; and yet that is the one service that Indians are keen to control. There is no constabulary so hated by any people as that in British India. The executive and judicial functions are, moreover, so inextricably combined as to vitiate the administration of criminal justice in that country. The Montagu-Chelmsford

¹ Appendix to *Letters to the People of India on Responsible Government*. By Lionel Curtis.

report ought at least to have insisted upon the reform of the police, and the complete separation of the judicial and executive functions.

Many of the departments that Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford would place under Indian Ministers, such as education and sanitation, have hitherto been penuriously conducted by the bureaucracy. They have not taken the trouble to give any details as to financial provisions. They have not made it plain whether or not the Ministers are to have full power to create new administrative machinery to conduct their departments. No scheme that fails to make due provision for their expansion, or contemplates throwing the entire, or even most of the burden upon Ministers and legislatures for providing the means of expansion, will give satisfaction to Indians, or make for harmony in a Cabinet composed of two separate racial elements and responsible to two separate authorities.

As already stated, provincial administrations, as contemplated by the Montagu-Chelmsford scheme, will be largely autonomous, though the line of demarcation between the provincial and central Governments in respect of legislation, and, more especially, in respect of administration, is blurred. Yet the intention seems to be to arm the provincial departments with power to deal with all provincial affairs. The necessity for the creation of a federal form of government in India is now widely recognized. In his new book, His Highness the Aga Khan makes a good case for it. He would like to see Arabia, Mesopotamia, Persia, Afghanistan, and Ceylon, federated with India.

Sanction has been given for the appointment of a committee "to advise on the question of the separation of Indian from provincial functions, and to recommend which of the functions assigned to the provinces should be transferred to popular control." Another committee has been sanctioned to inquire into questions pertaining to franchise, constituencies, and legislatures. Until the reports of these committees

are available, it is difficult to pass judgement upon the provincial system as designed by Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford.

Whatever form may finally be given to the provincial Governments, their success, in a large measure, will depend upon the men placed at the head of those administrations, and the councillors that they select. Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford make a mistake in treating provincial governorships as 'plums' for permanent officials. Indians demand that only men who have taken an *honourable* part in the democratic movements of Britain be appointed as governors, and that demand must be met. It must further be understood that only those Indians who possess the confidence of the provincial legislatures should be appointed as Ministers, that they should be responsible to the legislatures and not to the electorates, and that they should be removable by a definite vote of censure.

VII

The proposals made for the reconstruction of local Government go far towards making municipalities and local boards self-governing. But that object cannot be accomplished merely by withdrawing officials from those bodies and strengthening the elective element in them, as Mr. Montagu, Lord Chelmsford, and their official advisers seem to think. Such reforms are certainly overdue, and no time must be lost in effecting them. They, in themselves, are, however, not sufficient to infuse new life into local government. To ensure that object, it is necessary to make ampler financial provision for local boards, for at present many of them, through no incompetence of their own, are unable to make the two ends meet.

I very much doubt whether the recommendations made for the revival of the village community (*panchayat*) in the Government of India Resolution, dated May 16, 1918, to which the report refers, will accomplish the desired

objects. In its palmyest days the *panchayat* was left free to raise taxes so long as it met the Government demand for revenue. It possessed large judicial powers. Its head was a servant of the village, and not of the provincial or central Government. I do not see any desire or intention on the part of the authorities to restore these conditions, and it is, therefore, idle to expect that the corpse—for so the *panchayat* virtually is to-day in the most favourable localities in British India—can be made to live and to thrive.

VIII

In chiding persons who would have them content themselves with giving Indians increased opportunities in the domain of local self-government, Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford observe :

‘ We regard this solution as outside the range of practical politics ; for it is in the (Imperial and provincial ?) councils that the Morley-Minto reforms have already brought matters to an issue ; and Indian hopes and aspirations have been aroused to such a pitch that it is idle to imagine that they will now be appeased by merely making over to them the management of urban and rural boards. Moreover, the development of the country has reached a stage at which the conditions justify an advance in the wider sphere of government, and at which indeed government without the co-operation of the people will become increasingly difficult.’

It behoves His Majesty's Government, and the British people in general, to bear these words in mind while considering constitutional reforms for India. The more the Indian demand for power over the ‘ wider sphere of government ’ is met, the more contented will Indians be, the more sure and rapid will be India's progress, and the greater will be Indian attachment to the British, who strengthened in Indians love for liberty and desire for free institutions.

ST. NIHAL SINGH.

A STUDY OF CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

BAUDELAIRE, whose acquaintance with English was perfect, was thrilled in 1846 when he read certain pages of Poe ; he seemed to see in his prose a certain similarity in words and thoughts, even in ideas, as if he himself had written some of them ; these pages of a prose-writer whom he named ' the master of the horrible, the prince of mystery.' For four years he set himself to the arduous task of translating the prose of a man of genius, whom he certainly discovered for France and for French readers. And his translation is so wonderful that it is far and away finer than a marvellous original. His first translation was printed in *Le Liberté de Pensée* in July, 1848, and he only finished his translations at the end of sixteen years. In 1852 the *Revue de Paris* printed his ' Edgar Allan Poe ; sa Vie et ses Ouvrages.' His translations came in this order : *Histoires Extraordinaires* (1856, which I have before me) ; *Nouvelles Histoires Extraordinaires* (1857, which I also possess) ; *Aventures d'Arthur Gordon Pym* (1858) ; *Eureka* (1864) ; *Histoires Grotesques et Sérieuses* (1865).

One knows the fury with which (in 1855) he set himself the prodigious task of translating one of Poe's stories every day ; which, to one's amazement, he actually did. Always he rages over his proofs, over those printers' devils, an accursed race ; every proof is sent back to the printing-press, revised ; underlined, covered in the margins with imperative oburgations, written with an angry hand and accentuated with notes of exclamation. Swinburne shared the same fate. He writes to Chatto a violent letter on the incompetence of printers : ' their scandalous negligence,' ' ruinous and really disgraceful blunders,' ' numberless wilful errors,' written in a state of perfect frenzy. ' These

damned printers,' he cries at them, as Baudelaire did; 'who have done their utmost to disfigure my book. The appearance of the pages is disgraceful—a chaos.' And he actually writes one letter to complain of a dropped comma!

The *Notes Nouvelles sur Edgar Poe* of 1857 are infinitely finer than those of 1856. He begins with: *Littérature de décadence!* and with a paradox, of his invention, of the Sphinx without an enigma. *Genus irritabile vatum!* a Latin phrase for the irritable race of artists, is irrefutable, and certainly irrefutable are all Baudelaire's arguments, divinations, revelations of Poe's genius and of Poe's defects.

Poe's genius has been generally misunderstood. He gave himself to many forms of misconception: by his eccentricities, his caprices, his fantastic follies, his natural insolence, his passionate excitations (mostly imaginary), his delinquencies in regard to morals, his over-acute sensibility, his exasperating way of exasperating the general public he hated, his analysing problems that had defied any living writer's ingenuity to have compassed (as in his detective stories); above all, his almost utter alienation from that world he lived in, dreamed in, never worshipped, died in.

And he remains still a kind of enigma; in spite of the fact that the most minute details of his life are known, and that he never outlived his reputation. Yes, enigmatical in various points: as to his not giving even the breath of life to the few ghosts of women who cross his pages; of never diving very deeply into any heart but his own. Are not most of his men malign, perverse, atrocious, abnormal, never quite normal, evocations of himself? From Dupin to Fortunato, from the Man in the Crowd to the Man in the Pit, from Prince Prospero to Usher, are not these *revenants*, in the French sense?

There is something demoniacal in his imagination; for Poe never, I might say, almost never, lets his readers have

an instant's rest ; any more than the Devil lets his subjects have any actual surcease of torment. Yet, as there is a gulf between Good and Evil, no one, by any chance, falls into the abyss.

Poe, of course, writes with his nerves, and therefore only nervous writers have ever understood him. It is Baudelaire, the most nervous of modern writers, who says of Poe that no one, before him, had affirmed imperturbably the natural wickedness of man. Yet this statement is a paradox ; a lesser paradox is that man is originally perverse ; for all are not, by any means, *nés marqués pour le mal* !

Poe is not a great critic ; he says certain unforgettable things, with even an anticipation of the work of later writers. ' *I know*,' he says, ' that indefiniteness is an element of the true music—I mean of the true musical expression. Give it any undue decision—imbue it with any very determinate tone—and you deprive it at once of its ethereal, its ideal, its intrinsic and essential character.' Where he is great is where he writes : ' I have a pure contempt for mere prejudice and conventionality ' ; and mostly where he defines himself. ' Nor is there an instance to be discovered, among all I have published, of my having set forth, either in praise or censure, a single opinion upon any critical topic of moment, without attempting, at least, to give it authority by something that wore the semblance of a reason.'

His fault is that he is too lenient to women poets who never merited that name and to men of mere talent ; yet he annihilates many undeserved reputations ; perhaps, after all, ' thrice slain.' No one pointed out the errors in Mrs. Browning's verses as he did ; her affectations such as ' God's possibles ' ; her often inefficient rhythm ; her incredibly bad rhymes. Yet, for all this, he, whose ear as a poet was almost perfect, made the vile rhyme of ' vista ' with ' sister,' that raised the righteous wrath of Rossetti.

In his essay on Hawthorne, he warns one from a certain heresy. ' The deepest emotion aroused within us by the

happiest allegory, as an allegory, is a very imperfectly satisfied sense of the writer's ingenuity in overcoming a difficulty we should have preferred his not having attempted to overcome.' But it is on pages 196-198 of his *Marginalia* that he gives his final statement in regard to Verse, the Novel, and the Short Story; so far as these questions have any finality. As, for instance, how the highest genius uses his powers in 'the composition of a rhymed poem, not to exceed in length what might be perused in an hour.' As for the Story, it has this immense advantage over a novel that its brevity adds to the intensity of the effect; that 'Beauty can be better treated in the poem, but that one can use terror and passion and horror as artistic means.' Poe was a master of the grotesque, of the extraordinary, never of the passionate.

There is an unholy magic in some of his verse and prose; in his hallucinations, so real and so unreal; his hysterics, his sense of the contradiction between the nerves and the spirit; in his scientific analyses of terrible, foreseen effects, where generally the man of whom he writes is driven into evil ways. For did he not state this axiom: 'A good writer has always his last line in view when he has written his first line'? This certainly was part of his *métier*, made of combinations and of calculations.

I read in a newspaper, 'There is nothing wonderful in "The Raven."' It is really a *tour de force*; even if the metre is not invented, he invented the inner double rhymes, and the technique is flawless. It has Black Magic in it; the unreality of an intoxication; a juggler's skill; it will be always his most famous poem. In his analysis of these verses, does not Poe undervalue the inspiration that created them? Yes, by an amusing vanity. And, as Baudelaire says: 'A little charlatanism is always permitted to a man of genius, and it doesn't suit him badly. It is like the rouge on the cheeks of a woman actually fair, a new form of seasoning for the spirit.'

There was too much of the woman in the making of Poe, manly as he was in every sense. He had no strength of will, was drawn from seduction to seduction; had not enough grip on his constitution to live wisely, to live well. He drifted, let himself be drifted. He had no intention of ruining himself, yet ruined he was, and there was nothing that could have saved him. Call it his fate or his evil star, he was doomed inevitably to an early death. *Pas de chance!* Yet—let one suppose—had he himself chosen the form of his death, he might have desired to die like the sick women in his pages—*mourant de maux bizarres*.

Baudelaire, the most scrupulous of the men of letters of our age, spent his whole life in writing one book of verse (out of which all French poetry has come since his time), one book of prose in which prose becomes a fine art, some criticism which is the sanest, subtlest, and surest which his generation produced, and a translation which is better than a marvellous original. He lived and died solitary, secret, a confessor of sins who never told the whole truth; and the man remains baffling, and will probably never be discovered. Often an enigma to himself, much of his life and of his adventures and of his experiences remain enigmatical. I shall choose one instance out of many; that is to say, what was the original of his dedication of 'L'Heautimoromenos' in *Les Fleurs du Mal*, and of his dedication of *Les Paradis Artificiels* to a woman whose initials are J. G. F.?

The poem was first printed in *L'Artiste*, May 10, 1857, together with two other poems, all equally strange, extraordinary, and enigmatical: 'Franciscæ Meæ Laudes,' and 'L'Irremédiable.' The Latin verses, composed, not in the manner of Catullus, but in a metre that belongs to the late Decadent poets of the Middle Ages, are as magnificent as inspired, and, of course, written really in modern Latin. This was dedicated: *Vers composés pour une modiste érudite et dévote*. The verses are musical and luxurious. He sings

of this delicious woman who absolves one's sins, who has drunk of the waters of Lethe, who has spoken as a star, who has learned what is vile, who has been in his hunger an hostel, in his night a torch, and who has given him divine wine. The second, that has the woman's initials, is founded, as to its name, on the comedy of Terence, *The Self-Tormentor*, where, in fact, the part of Menedemas, the self-tormentor, rises to almost tragic earnestness, and reminds one occasionally of Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens*. Nor are Baudelaire's verses less tragic. It is the fiercest confession in the whole of his poems in regard to himself and to women. He strikes her with hate, cannot satiate his thirst of her lips; is a discord in her voracious irony that bites and shakes himself; she is in his voice, in his blood (like poison), and he is her sinister mirror. He is the wound and the knife, the limbs, and the wheel; he is of his own heart the vampire condemned in utter abandonment to an eternal laughter.

The third is a hideous nightmare when Idea and Form and Being fall into the Styx, where a bewitched wretch fumbles in a place filled with reptiles; where a damned man descends without a lamp eternal staircases on which he has no hold; and these are symbols of an irremediable fortune which makes one think that the Devil always does whatever he intends to do. At the end a heart becomes his mirror; and before the Pit of Truth shines an infernal and ironical lighthouse, that flashes with Satanical glances and is: *La Conscience dans le Mal!*

In *Les Fleurs du Mal* (1857), a copy of which, signed in Baudelaire's handwriting, is before me on the desk where I write these lines, I find that the two first poems I have mentioned follow each other in pages 123-127, and I feel certainly inclined to attribute those three poems to the same inspiration. Compare, for example, 'Puits de Vérité' with *Piscina plena virtutis*; 'Dans un Styx bourbeux' with *Siccat beneficium Lethe*; 'Tailler les eaux de la souffrance' with *Labris vocem redde mutis!* 'Au fond d'un cauchemar

énorme' with 'Je suis de mon cœur le vampire.' And, 'Je suis le sinistre miroir' with 'Qu'en cœur devenu son miroir.' Compare also the dedication to the Latin verses 'A une modiste érudite et dévote' with, in the dedication of *Les Paradis*, 'une qui tourne maintenant tous ses regards vers le ciel.' His reason for writing Latin verses for and to a dressmaker is evident enough : a deliberate deviation from the truth, a piece of sublime casuistry. One must also note this sentence : 'Le calembour lui-même, quand il traverse ces pédantesques bégaiements, ne joue-t-il pas la grâce sauvage et baroque de l'enfance ?' And again, when he writes : 'Words, taken in quite a new acceptance of their meaning, reveal the charming uneasiness of the Barbarian of the North who kneels before a Roman Beauty'; this sentence certainly is only comprehensible if one realizes that it was written for J. G. F. Finally, take these two lines, which seem to prove satisfactorily the truth of my attribution :

In nocte mea taberna.

Flambeau des grâces sataniques.

I return to my copy of *Les Paradis Artificiels* (1860). The dedication to J. G. F. begins : 'Ma chère amie, Common-sense tells us that terrestrial things have but a faint existence, and that actual reality is found only in dreams. . . . Woman is fatally suggestive ; she lives with another life than her proper one ; she lives spiritually in the imaginations that she haunts.

'Besides, it seems to me there is little enough reason why this dedication should be understood. Is it even necessary, for the writer's satisfaction, that any kind of book ought to be understood, except by him or by her for whom it has been composed ? Is it, indeed, indispensable that it has been written for *any one* ? I have, for my part, so little taste for the living world that, like certain sensible and stay-at-home women who send, I am told, their letters

to imaginary friends by the post, I would willingly write only for the dead.

'But it is not to a dead woman that I dedicate this little book; it is to one who, though ill, is always active and living in me, and who now turns her eyes in the direction of the skies, that realm of so many transfigurations. For, just as in the case of a redoubtable drug, a living being enjoys the privilege of being able to draw new and subtle pleasures even from sorrow, from catastrophe, and from fatality.

'You will see in this narrative a man who walks in a sombre and solitary fashion, plunged in the moving flood of multitudes, and sending his heart and his thoughts to a far-off Electra who so long ago wiped his sweating forehead and *refreshed his lips parched by fever*; and you will divine the gratitude of another Orestes, whose nightmares you have so often watched over, and whose unendurable slumbers you dissipated, with a light and tender hand.'

I have to say that in the last sentences I have translated Baudelaire uses 'tu' instead of 'vous,' and that he does the same in his Latin verses and in the verses next after it. The question still remains: who was the woman of the initials?

What is certainly not a solution of the unfathomable mystery of this enigmatical woman, but which is, in a certain sense, a clue, I find on pages 55-67 of the book I have referred to, a narrative that seems more than likely to have been hers. He says this to make one understand better the mixture of dreams and hallucinations in *haschisch*, as having been sent him by a woman: 'It is a woman, rather a mature woman, curious, of an excitable spirit, who, having yielded to the temptation of using the drug, describes her visions.' These are superb and fantastic visions, written by an imaginative, sensitive, and suggestive woman. She begins: 'However bizarre and astonishing are these sensations that intoxicated my folly for twelve hours (twelve or twenty? I don't know which) I shall never return to them.' The spiritual

excitement is too vivid, the fatigue too much to endure, and, to say all, in this childish enchantment I find something criminal.' She adds: 'I have heard that the enthusiasm of poets and of creators is not unlike what I have experienced, in spite of the fact that I have always imagined that such men whose delight is to move us ought to be of a really calm temperament; but if poetical delirium has any resemblance with what a little teaspoon full of drugged jam has given me, I think that all such pleasures cost dear to poets, and it is not without a certain prosaic satisfaction that I return to real life.'

In these sentences Baudelaire gives one a certain clue as to the identity of this woman. 'But, above all, observe that in this woman's story the hallucination is of a bastard kind, and whose reason of being is to be an exterior spectacle; the mind is no more than a mirror where the surrounding environment is transformed in an extraordinary fashion. Besides, we see intervene what I must call the moral hallucination: the subject believes he is subjected to an expiation, but the feminine temperament, which is little accustomed to analysis, does not permit itself to note the singularly optimistic character of this hallucination. The benevolent regard of the Olympian Divinities is poetized by a kind of varnish essentially *haschischin*. I cannot say that this woman has escaped from the sense of remorse; but that her thoughts, momentarily turned in the direction of melancholy and of regret, have returned to their former sensibility.'

I need not take into account his Latin learning, his Jesuitical casuistry, his erudite reference to Electra; nor his ambiguous but not enigmatical linking together of the names of Orestes and Electra, to make it positively certain that the three poems were inspired by the same woman to whom *Le Paradis* is dedicated. Like Orestes, he might have desired vengeance, as the fugitive did for his murdered father; she, like Electra, might have said, in Sophocles' words: 'And my wretched couch in yonder house of woe knows well,

ere now, how I keep the watches of the night—how often I bewail my hapless sin.' I find exactly the same feeling in the sentences I have given of the dedication as in Electra's speech: nights of weariness and of lamentation. And Orestes exiled is ever in her thoughts. Why not in J. G. F.'s?

In 1859 Poulet-Malassis printed: *Théophile Gautier, par Charles Baudelaire*; a book of 68 pages; certainly full of perfect praise, as only one so infinitely greater than the writer he writes about was capable of giving. The first question the oriental-looking Gautier asked him was: 'Do you love dictionaries?' The reply was instant: 'Yes!' As a matter of fact, Gautier knew every word in the French language, even *l'Argot*.

Now, as Baudelaire defines the genius of Balzac supremely (more than he ever could have defined the incomparable talents of Gautier), I leave it to Swinburne to speak for me of Baudelaire and of Balzac.

'Not for the first,' he says, in his *Study of Shakespeare*, 'and probably not for the last time I turn, with all confidence, as well as with reverence, for illustration and confirmation of my own words, to the exquisite critical genius of a long honoured and long lamented fellow-craftsman. The following admirable and final estimate of the more special element or peculiar quality in the intellectual force of Honoré de Balzac could only have been taken by the inevitable intuition and rendered by the subtlest eloquence of Charles Baudelaire. Nothing could more aptly and perfectly illustrate the definition indicated in my text between unimaginative realism and imaginative reality.

"I have been many a time astonished that to pass for an observer should be Balzac's great title to fame. To me it had always seemed that it was his chief merit to be a visionary, and a passionate visionary. All his characters are gifted with the ardour of life which animated himself. All his fictions are as deeply coloured as dreams. From the highest of the aristocracy to the lowest of the mob, all the

actors in his *Human Comedy* are keener after living, more active and cunning in their struggles, more staunch in endurance of misfortune, more ravenous in enjoyment, more angelic in devotion, than the comedy of the real world shows them to us. In a word, every one in Balzac, down to the very scullions, has genius. Every mind is a weapon loaded to the muzzle with will. It is actually Balzac himself. And as all beings of the outer world presented themselves to his mind's eye in a strong relief and with a telling expression, he has given a convulsive action to his figures; he has blackened their shadows and intensified their lights. Besides, his prodigious love of detail, the outcome of an immoderate ambition to see everything, to bring everything to light, to guess everything, to make others guess everything, obliged him to set down more forcibly the principal lines so as to preserve the perspective of the whole. He reminds me of some lines of those etchers who are never satisfied with the biting-in of their outlines, and transform into very ravines the main scratches of the plate. From this astonishing natural disposition of mind wonderful results have been produced. But this disposition is generally defined as Balzac's great fault. More properly speaking, it is exactly his great distinctive quality. But who can boast of being so happily gifted, and of being able to apply a method which may permit him to invest—and that with a sure hand—what is purely trivial with splendour and imperial purple? Who can do this? Now, he who does not, to speak the truth, does no great thing.”

ARTHUR SYMONS.

THE TRANSLATION OF HOLY SCRIPTURE INTO THE BANTU LANGUAGES

A PAMPHLET, reprinted from the *Methodist Churchman*, Cape Town, and entitled *Notes on a Bibliography of the Literature of the Wesleyan Methodist Church of South Africa*, 1816-1916, published in 1916 by the Rev. W. Morley Crampton, not only provides a useful summary of the chief literary labours of our missionaries in South Africa, but serves, to the present writer at least, as a pleasant reminder of the excellent work done by our forefathers in the translation of Holy Scripture. The following quotation from Mr. Crampton's pamphlet will recall some of the best known names in this department.

'One of the most noteworthy achievements of South African Methodism during the century is the translation of the Scriptures into the Kaffir language. In this connexion the name worthy of highest honour is that of John Whittle Appleyard, who has been called "The Tyndale of South Africa." Like William Tyndale, he entered into the labours of less known predecessors, William Shaw, W. J. Shrewsbury, W. B. Boyce, H. H. Dugmore, and John Ayliff. The first of their translations to be printed was W. B. Boyce's "Gospel of St. Luke," issued from our own press at Grahamstown in 1833. This was followed by other separate books of the Old and New Testaments. In 1846 the first complete New Testament was published, and the entire Old Testament was added in 1859. In 1864 a revised edition of the whole Bible was published by the British and Foreign Bible Society, the revision being carried out in England by Mr. Appleyard at the Society's expense. This is not the place to narrate the history of the various revisions and re-revisions of the Kaffir Bible that have since

been made. In 1902 Appleyard's own version was reprinted by the Society in an edition of 10,000 copies. In the complete bibliography there are titles of no less than sixty separate publications entered in the section for Wesleyan Scripture translations in Kaffir.

'Although none of them was printed, reference may be made to Henry Tindall's versions of St. Matthew, St. Mark, and the Epistles of St. John, in Nama-Hottentot. The manuscript of the first-named was illuminated by Sir George Grey and placed in his library, now in Cape Town. Before 1846 James Allison printed selections of Scripture translated into the Swazi dialect. Sesuto versions of Revelation (1851) and the Epistles of St. John (1852) were made by J. D. M. Ludorf, and printed at Platberg.'

Unfortunately, Mr. Crampton's bibliography, on which his pamphlet is based, does not record books relating to the Transvaal and Rhodesia Districts after the formation of the South African Conference in 1883, and this will account for the omission of other names.

The participation of our missionaries at Lourenço Marques in the preparation of a version of Holy Scripture in ShiRonga provides an opportunity of furnishing to the readers of this REVIEW some account of the task undertaken by all who seek to translate the Bible into a Bantu language, and of the means employed to surmount the difficulties inherent in any such endeavour. In the preface to his translation of the New Testament Dr. James Moffatt quotes De Quincey's paragraph 'upon the popular delusion that "every idea and word which exists, or has existed, for any nation, ancient or modern, must have a direct interchangeable equivalent in all other languages."' A slight acquaintance with any Bantu language will suffice completely and finally to dispel any such delusion, and will show that not only is no such exact equivalence of vocabulary to be found, but that what we may call Bantu thought-forms are not, by any means, always to be paralleled in European

languages. Translation from one language to another is not an easy task, even when the languages concerned belong to the same language-family or group; and when a comparison is made between the characteristics of the Bible languages and those of any representative language of the Bantu group, it will appear that a translator who seeks to translate, and not merely to paraphrase, will encounter constant difficulties.

It may not be out of place to indicate here some of the main characteristics of the Bantu languages, and for this purpose we take the ShiRonga language spoken in the neighbourhood of Delagoa Bay as a type. The Bantu languages are naïve and extremely literal. Contrary to expectation, perhaps, the vocabulary is well developed, especially in regard to terms denoting ideas of common life. For instance, it is said that, in SeSotho, there are no less than two hundred words for the various colours and markings of cattle. Although concrete terms abound, the common notion that, in these languages, abstract terms are very rare is not justified by the facts. For instance, in ShiRonga, there is a regular method of forming abstract terms, a special prefix (*bu*) being constantly used in the formation of nouns to denote quality. (In ShiRonga, the same prefix is used to form the names of various different kinds of beer!) Further, the natives are no strangers to metaphorical speech, although it would, perhaps, be more correct to speak of it as parabolic. ShiRonga has an extraordinary power of word formation, especially the formation of nouns from verbs. The pronominal system, too, is very fully developed, the paradigm of the demonstrative pronoun, for instance, containing no less than one hundred and eighteen forms. The ShiRonga verb has nine voices, which may nearly all enter into combination with one another, and there is a separate conjugation for the negative and for the relative. Anything that falls within the sphere of Bantu experience can be expressed well and idiomatically.

For the rendering of new ideas recourse must often be had to expedients, more or less successful. The latter course is not without its dangers, both for the value of the Version and for its subsequent influence on the future of the language.

Were the problem of the translator simply that of giving an equivalent sense in the vernacular to that of his original, the problem would be simpler. In the translation of the Bible, however, it is obviously necessary to preserve as much of the form of the original as the idiom of the language into which the translation is to be made permits. Thus the translator is always in danger of falling between two stools. On the one hand he may be led to make literal renderings which are absurd to the native ear. On the other, he is constantly tempted to adopt free and idiomatic translations which may depart dangerously from the letter of the original. The long history of the Authorized Version has accustomed us to many Hebraisms which, literally translated, are either very strange or meaningless to Bantu people.

Native idioms are often exceedingly apt and graphic. Sometimes they provide exactly that for which the translator seeks. Yet, while giving a fair equivalent for the sense, they often prove to be quite inadmissible, and one has to fall back, for safety's sake, upon a literal translation which may need explanation before it is understood, or may involve a forced use of some native term. SeSotho has many close equivalents to biblical proverbs, for instance; ShiRonga has probably more than we have as yet collected. Yet they do not help us. To give an extreme example. A muRonga would never say, 'Pride goeth before destruction.' His version of that matter is '*Mumiti wa nhengele a dumba nkolo wa kwe*,' which being interpreted is: 'He who swallows an apricot-stone has confidence in his neck,' which is not quite the same thing.

The main difficulties which are met with in translation into Bantu languages may be divided into those arising from difference in mental outlook, or difficulties presented

by new words and ideas. Many examples might be quoted of difficulties arising from difference in mental outlook, but the use of what is called in ShiRonga the 'Applicative Voice' of the verb ('Relative Species' in SeSotho grammars) will furnish sufficient illustration. By adding to the stem of the simple verb the termination—*ela*, a form results which denotes that the action expressed by the verb is performed with relation to a person or place, or on account of some one or something. This voice furnishes many useful and pleasing terms of speech, but it also gives rise to what are, to us, strange uses. For instance, take the verb *ku fa*, to die. The Applicative Voice is *fela*, to die for, or in relation to some one or something, e.g. '*A ndji feli*,' he died for me. This is quite clear; but the use of the Passive, *felwa*, literally 'to be died for,' 'to have some one to die for, or in relation to you,' 'to lose by death,' provides some interesting phrases. '*Ndji felwi ha tatana*,' means 'I have been died for by my father,' and is exactly parallel with the SeSotho '*Ke shueletsoe ke ntate*.' So the word 'widow' is best translated '*nsati wa mufelwa*,' (woman) (wife) 'of one who has been died for.' We remember seeing an absurd translation of the phrase, 'They were shut up in the prison.' The word 'to shut' is *ku pfala*, and the sentence ran '*Ba pfaliwi bohelweni*.' This meant that the men were shut, whereas that operation had been performed on the doors of the prison, not on the men. A muRonga would say: '*Ba pfaleliwi bohelweni*.' 'They (the men) 'were shut for, in the prison.'

Difficulties arising from the introduction of new ideas are always meeting one. Perhaps the greatest of all is due to the fact that there is, in these languages, no word that adequately represents the word God. Bantu religion consists, for all practical purposes, in the worship of one's ancestors, and it is vain to look to such a cult as this for any native term which can suggest that which is in the mind of a Christian when he thinks of God. Expressions which

may be in place and be intelligible in the context of, say a hymn, are quite unfitted to be used as a personal name. Descriptive phrases, also, such as '*Lw'a nga ni nlamu hikwawu*,' 'Almighty,' must necessarily err by defect, and are too clumsy to be used as names, except in special contexts. We find, therefore, that in the southern Bantu languages, at least, recourse has been had to various terms, all of which are imperfect, and are open to objections more or less serious. This, of course, refers to the words in themselves, as names for God. Christian teaching and use may in time remove the most serious difficulties by modifying the meaning, and adding a Christian content to the term. In Xosa we use *uTixo*, which seems to have been borrowed, perhaps from Hottentot, and may be the name of some ancient hero. The word *Shikwembu*, used by one of the missions at Delagoa Bay, is parallel with the word *Molimo*, used in SeSotho. It is open to grave objection, as it signifies the disembodied spirit of an ancestor, and these are often regarded as malevolent. The Zulu word *Nkulunkulu*, 'the Great great one,' suggested the name used by our mission, *Nkulukumba*, 'The very great one,' and this, while giving a very incomplete idea of the conception denoted by the word God, seems to us to be free from the objections mentioned above, and to be not unworthy of its purpose.

Difficulty meets us the moment we try to translate the Lord's Prayer. The word for 'father,' *tatana*, really means 'my father,' and the phrase in use, '*Tatana weru*,' for 'Our Father,' is really bad ShiRonga. A variant, '*Rorw'akwe*,' really means 'his father' (i.e. Christ's). The word 'snow,' in a country of tropical heat, presents difficulty, for, the thing being unknown, there is no word to represent it. The word used in a certain mission, '*gampongo*,' furnishes a ludicrous example of a whole class of similar difficulties. Evidently some missionary sought to translate the word, and described to a native informant a landscape clothed with a white covering of snow. The native thought of the

nearest simile known to him, and suggested '*gampongo*,' which means a white cotton blanket. In the classical passage Isaiah i. 18, we have solved the difficulty by translating 'snow' by '*shitjhwatjhwa*,' 'hoar-frost,' although the term may not be pure ShiRonga.

In these languages one sometimes finds derivatives of the same verb with slightly different meanings. An error of one letter in a word of this class resulted in describing the garments made by our first parents in the Garden of Eden as 'lids.' The wood of which the ark of Noah was made was denoted by the word '*munga*,' and we thought that we had translated suitably until it was pointed out to us that the *munga* wood perishes very quickly, and is totally unsuitable for use in shipbuilding. There is no word in the language for 'rock,' as such things are unknown in a country of vast tracts of sand. So, too, there is no equivalent for the word 'cave,' which has to be translated by a clumsy circumlocution. Such examples might be multiplied indefinitely.

It is, of course, when we come to theological terms that the difficulty becomes greatest. There is no word for 'holy,' save words which really mean clear or clean. The nearest equivalents of the word 'pure' and the word 'purity' also really mean only clean. The word commonly used for 'good,' *nene*, may mean equally well only pretty, nice, or fine. We have to take the best word available, purge it of old associations, often evil, and give it a new Christian content. How necessary this process is may be learnt from one rendering of 'Hallowed be Thy name,' which literally means 'May Thy name be tabooed.' Native religion provides a word, *hahla*, for 'sacrifice,' but this word is so intimately connected with the sacrificing of offerings to the ancestral spirits that it has been felt to be impossible to use it in the Version, and another, a more general, term has been adopted. 'Forgiveness' can be well translated, and no difficulty has been experienced in rendering such

words as 'faith,' 'repentance,' 'justify.' There is a fair native equivalent for 'to reconcile,' but the words 'atone' and 'atonement' have necessitated the coinage of a word which, however, has been found quite satisfactory. These examples will suffice to show the position.

Two examples of the effects of literal translation may serve to show how warily one must proceed. Exodus vi. 33: 'Take a pot, and put an omerful of manna therein, and lay it up before the Lord, to be kept for your generations,' seems to present no difficulty, until one remembers that, in ShiRonga, all must be perfectly clear and lucid, that the object must be 'appropriately expressed, and that the choice of a suitable pronoun can only be made when one has decided whether it is the pot, or the manna, or both that is to be kept. The original draft of Exodus xvi. 3 ran '*Egipta lom u faka hi tjhama tinhlembetweni ta nyama*,' and suggested a cannibal feast, for it represented the Israelites as being *in* the flesh-pots.

It is perhaps now time to look at the other side of the matter. An earlier paragraph will have shown that the language is by no means the bare, untractable medium that may have been imagined. It has very many exceedingly felicitous turns of expression, and is no unworthy instrument for conveying to those who speak it the great truths of revealed religion. ShiRonga lends itself admirably to graphic narrative. A most expressive particle, *ku*, is used commonly in such narration; and another particle, *na*, expressing simultaneity of one action with another, is often available. In delineations of pastoral life, it is possible to construct long sustained passages of pure, nervous ShiRonga, with little or no recourse to strained modes of expression. The language avoids long, complex sentences, and the lack of subordinative conjunctions makes it necessary to split up the subject-matter into short and simple sentences. This, in many New Testament passages, and perhaps especially in St. Paul's Epistles, seems to

us to be a clear gain. One is never at a loss to express the most intricate of family relationships, as there is an almost bewildering multiplicity of such terms available for use. Thus, occasionally, long circumlocutions are avoided, and the sense is perfectly conveyed.

As in all Bantu languages, native speech in Shi-Ronga is constantly accompanied by appropriate gesture, and one's various moods find perfect interjectional expression. This suggests one of the most interesting features of the language, a feature which it seems to share with most others of the Bantu group. There exists in these a class of words presenting what seems to be a new part of speech. They have been very variously named by grammarians, but the present writer prefers to call them 'Descriptive Complements,' a term which not inadequately suggests their function. They belong to the very essence of the language, and convey the sense of action in an extraordinary manner. A wise use of such words adds immensely to the power of a Version, and commends it to the native mind.

In the last resort deficiencies of vocabulary have to be met by the coinage of new words. This is a course from which one may well shrink, but it must be remembered that the language is plastic, and that the natives themselves, confronted with an object new to their experience, at once coin an appropriate name. Very often one or other of the twenty-seven recognized ways of forming nouns from verbs will supply a perfectly intelligible Shi-Ronga equivalent for the new idea. In extreme cases, where this is impossible, the foreign word may be given a Shi-Ronga dress, and it generally passes into currency at once. The BaRonga have themselves adopted many English, Dutch, and Portuguese words, which are now perfectly understood throughout the country.

On the other hand one often finds beautiful native words that are capable of being used for the highest purposes.

Take, for instance *lirere*, which may mean mercy, benevolence, kindness, clemency, pity, and pardon. Or *bumbilu*, formed from the word *mbilu*, heart, by means of the prefix *bu* mentioned above as expressing abstraction. It means good disposition, pity, benevolence, kindness, goodness, and has passed into universal use among BaRonga Christians for the word 'grace'; surely no inapt or unworthy term. Take again *lilondjo*, which may be rendered pity, compassion, and another word *londjobota*, which in Christian use may mean either to spare or to redeem. It is, literally, to pick up and to take care of something which has been thrown away as being useless, but which is now seen to be capable of use and to be of worth.

In the preparation of the ShiRonga Version we, like Mr. Appleyard, have entered into the labours of many missionaries and natives, who, by the compilation of vocabularies and grammars, and by the translation of portions of Scripture, have pointed our way. The debt we owe to the pioneers of linguistic research in these languages can hardly be estimated. Previous Versions in cognate languages are, of course, constantly consulted in cases of difficulty, very often with happy results. It is a great pleasure to be able to testify to the value of Mr. Appleyard's Kaffir Version. Frequent consultation of it has shown it to be very faithful to the original, while it is idiomatic and remarkably successful in its renderings. The translation into Shi-Gwamba, by the missionaries of the Swiss Mission Romande, has also been of assistance. The SeSotho and Zulu versions have proved useful. While it were idle to hope that any such Version, in its first form, should prove final, the conscientious and painstaking help of our native assistants is, at least, a guarantee of reasonable correctness from the native point of view, and we regard it as a promise and an earnest of that final Version, thoroughly faithful to the original and to the native tongue alike, for which, in the course of time, we confidently look.

HERBERT L. BISHOP.

FORGOTTEN LIGHTS IN A DARK AGE

Memoirs of William Hickey. (Hurst & Blackett.)

The Nineteenth Century. By THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
H. H. ASQUITH. (Clarendon Press.)

THE recently issued second volume of *The Hickey Memoirs* (1775-1782) differs from other works of the same kind in the variety and freshness of its anecdotes, but resembles them in the conventional impression left on the reader's mind that its personages, adventures, its frivolities and scandals are exclusively and exhaustively typical of the period it records,—in other words that during the Georgian era generally, the earnestness and zeal for social, moral, intellectual reform characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race were inactive and unknown. Against this notion Thackeray's *Four Georges* contains a protest well worthy of reference. The Prince who hiccupped himself to the altar, and whose brutality did his wife to death, is that type of eighteenth-century gentlemanliness Thackeray in effect asks to eclipse, in the profession of letters, such genuine gentlemen as the chivalrous, self-denying Sir Walter Scott and Robert Southey, the beauty of whose domestic life illustrated those messages of social and personal duty brought by the religious revival of the eighteenth century. With that the lecturer had no concern.

The Georgian era occupied about a quarter of the nineteenth century; the hundred and sixteen years constituting it were, as Thackeray wished to suggest, really fertile in intellectual and spiritual growths, the higher analogues of the gallant courtesy of Fontenoy, 'Gentlemen of the English Guard, Fire First.' This was in 1745. There had been little to temper the grossness or to gild the vice

which had come in with the early Georges, and thus at its opening had given the eighteenth century a bad name. The provincial record in some respects outdid the metropolitan. The inland spas of Southern England were casinos; this was the case especially with the town destined afterwards to become an evangelical centre. As a fact, the scandals rising out of the extravagant play at Bath frightened families from it. Tunbridge Wells had come into fashion with Charles II; by the excesses of Bath it now revived its fortunes, and the popularity of Basset did not prevent Rusthall from becoming as famous for its Evangelicalism as Southborough had been for its High Churchism. The votaries of that cult had signalized their devotion to monarch and altar by dedicating to 'St. Charles the Martyr' a church erected soon after the saint's son took the place under his protection. Some years later the structure needed repairs and partial reconstruction. Caroline of Anspach, who in 1705 married the future George II, afterwards Prince of Wales, had as yet no influence on Church politics. The Kentish spa happened to be in an evangelical humour; and the temple dedicated to the second Stuart king was fitted up in a very anti-Catholic fashion. After 1705, the future Princess of Wales, Caroline, inspected and approved its interior. As Queen of England, during the Court's frequent visits to the place, she regularly worshipped there, and ascribed to it the same benefits to her soul that the waters, she felt confident, bestowed on her body. The queen did not much patronize the smart life of the Pantiles. She had no sooner sipped her first glass of water at the Wells than she and her ladies made a round of the cottages in the district, and left none without some addition to their health and comfort. Apart from the select few around the royal lady, Tunbridge Wells was a true type of its age in that it attracted not only the sons and daughters of pleasure, but Cowper's 'One who wears the coronet and prays' (the second Earl of Dartmouth),

as well as Bishops Berkeley and Percy. From girlhood the Queen had been conscious of a mission to temper the frivolities of the age.

Daughter of a petty German prince, the Margrave of Brandenburg-Anspach, Caroline became the wife of the future George II at the age of twenty-two (1705). Her great intellectual endowments had been improved by the most careful and complete education given to any Princess of her time. In those days young ladies destined to share a throne were not supposed to be of any particular religion till they knew the faith of their future lords. Caroline from the first had taken spiritual matters seriously. Two things rare at that time in any rank she possessed and never compromised, convictions and a conscience. While yet a girl she had refused a Roman Catholic husband, an arch-duke who was to become emperor. She proved the pioneer not only of palace piety but of that disposition, so beneficently exercised in our own day by Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, to merge denominational distinctions in a common effort to encourage personal merit and promote national service.

Neither the Wesleys nor George Whitefield had become famous during the lifetime of Queen Caroline. When just turned fifty she caught the premonitory notes of the religious movement that after her death was to complete the national redemption from relapse into paganism. The Queen's undisguised sympathies roused against her the wrath of orthodox Anglicanism, for her own and indeed all future time. She was held responsible for the suspension of Convocation from 1717 to 1850, and she scandalized high-flying Hanoverianism, civil as well as religious, by welcoming at Court in 1718 a prelate the mere mention of whose name since his elevation to the see of Bangor by George I in 1715 aroused in every High Church bosom feelings akin to those attributed to the Prince of Darkness at the sight of holy water. This was Hoadley, the opponent of Dr. Sacheverell, whose impeach-

ment by the Lords in 1710 helped him to pose as a martyr with the mob which, when Queen Anne went to open Parliament, greeted her with 'We hope your Majesty is for Dr. Sacheverell and High Church.' Like his father, George II talked almost incessantly and audibly throughout the services in the Chapel Royal. A general buzz of conversation soon filled the building, drowning prayers, lessons, and sermon. Queen Caroline gradually put a stop to it all, and lived long enough to see reverent silence established, after the example she had prevailed on the royal chatterer to set; while dowagers of ducal degree ceased to signal their daughters to come out before the sermon with, 'At any rate my dear, we have done the civil thing by looking in.' She brought, too, the best brains of the time into the Church by drawing from his retirement Joseph Butler, of the *Analogy*. His actual elevation to the bishopric of Bristol did not come till the year following the death of his patroness. The Queen, however, had the satisfaction of knowing that, whether she lived or died, this good and great man was equally sure of his mitre. From Hervey and Walpole to Wraxall and Hickey autobiographies and memoirs are the materials of history. The diarist desiring to give what the public will buy, is tempted to say more about rampant vices than retired virtues. Consequently writers like those now under consideration ignore whatever approaches to the serious, and therefore the forbidding. The age they describe was admittedly enlightened by so little of social, moral, and spiritual good that its story can only be a scandalous chronicle which the narrator's business is to make as highly coloured and piquant as possible. The omission of whatever does not subserve that end minimizes of course the value of these memoirs as an historical quarry, and prevents their being more than a most incomplete account even of our social condition. It is nothing to the point to say that the graver aspects of the period do not concern the secular chronicler. The Greville papers were written by as seasoned

a man about town as Hickey or Creevey, one who thought sport and politics the exclusive recreations of the governing classes. Greville, however, as a man of wide intellectual not less than social interests, ignored no incidents or movements of his time, however foreign they might seem to his very mundane pen. Thus he gives the best account of the Irvingite beginnings. Had the diarists now under consideration Greville's keen observation and comprehensive eye for historical effect they would have noticed that Sunday Schools, the Church Missionary Society, and the Religious Tract Society, as eighteenth-century products, were not less a sign of the times than Wilkes' 'Essay on Woman' or the Hell-Fire Club. Nor was it only divines and scholars like Richard Watson, with his replies to Edmund Gibbon and Tom Paine, or Archdeacon Paley, of *The Evidences* and *Horae Paulinae*, who justified 'The ways of God to men.' The first Lord Lyttelton and Gilbert West, both belonging to the same class which afterwards produced Greville, and brought up in the prevailing Deism, made contributions to the literature of St. Paul and of the Resurrection that in 1747 divided the attention of drawing-rooms with Richardson's *Clarissa*, and in country-house gun-rooms were not unnoticed even by the admirers of *Tom Jones*. During the last years of George II the polite world produced almost as many amateur religious writers as it did novelists.

Meanwhile the Court, under its clever and gracious mistress, was imbuing its environment with a new sense of duty towards sin and suffering. In 1728 the Queen seconded the efforts successfully made by one of her ladies, the Countess of Hertford, to save from the gallows the luckless poet, Richard Savage, for killing a man in a tavern brawl. In 1736 Caroline herself, though without success, left nothing unsaid or undone to prevent Captain Porteous from being sacrificed to the Edinburgh mob. The Countess of Hertford, eventually Duchess of Somerset, and her friend, Lady Pomfret, in however different a way, were not

less historic types of their time than any of Horace Walpole's drawing-room queens. The high-water mark of eighteenth-century society morals is shown in the long-since-forgotten romance by Mrs. Charlotte Lennox, much esteemed by early Georgian readers, not only for her truth to life, but for the edifying quality of her narrative and reflections. Her *Female Quixote* contains in Arabella a heroine whose portrait abounds in touches not only of the two exemplary peereesses already mentioned, who were always about the Queen, but of the Queen's own daughter, her education, and the opportunities she found of making herself a force for good. Like mother, like child; the Princess Amelia was successfully trained from the nursery to shut her ears, as Queen Caroline herself put it, to flattery, to keep her heart open to piety, honesty, truthfulness in small things as in great. For attendance on her daughter the Queen had chosen one among the best women of her Court or time, Lady Pomfret, whose published correspondence with Lady Hertford forms the best record extant of that better and brighter side to eighteenth-century English life dealt with now. Lady Pomfret crowned her other great qualities with the supreme merit of a tact ensuring grace and efficiency to them all. Her royal mistress never found her in the way or out of it. She kept off intriguing dowagers and their charges from the St. James's tea-table. When attending the Princess at Bath, she increased the virtues of the waters by persuading her charge to take between each glass a turn in Harrison's Fields, then the smart promenade. By birth a daughter of the infamous Lord Jeffreys, she had always been at heart and remained to the last the Puritan which her father once professed to be. Outliving Queen Caroline by several years, she was able to hear the preaching of John Wesley and Whitefield; she took many of the Court set to listen to them, much as, during the London seasons of the 'eighties fine ladies brought their acquaintance of both sexes to Henry Drummond's discourses on Sunday

afternoons at Grosvenor House. 'Well,' after one of these occasions she said to Lord Lonsdale, 'what do you think of him?' That nobleman not only endorsed the compliment paid by Bolingbroke himself to Whitefield on his admirable sense and clearness, but added, 'He may be called a saint or an apostle; a hypocrite, an enthusiast, a madman, or a blockhead. I believe him to be a man of great designs, with a capacity equal to anything,' adding, 'Conceive the rank insanity of our bishops and clergy, who, closing their doors against Whitefield, as against Wesley, have only driven them to the fields, and so ensured for them larger congregations than ever yet assembled beneath a human roof.' The Anglican episcopate of the period was largely the creation of Queen Caroline herself. Her appointments tended to increase rather than diminish the friction between a Liberal Church and a Tory State.

George III had come to the throne before William Cowper in his poems, and especially in that division of *The Task* 'The Winter Evening,' commemorated the wholesome changes in social life and character whose beginnings dated from Caroline of Anspach's favourite ladies. To these instances must be added the social and moral awakening from a brilliant butterfly existence of Lord Berkeley's daughter, Margravine of Anspach. 'Worthiness of life' became to her something of the same watchword that it afterwards was to George Eliot and some of that teacher's most exemplary disciples in our own day. A beauty of the peerage, and second only to Lady Mary Wortley as the most intrepid traveller of her time, Elizabeth Lady Craven did not herself come directly under Wesley's or Whitefield's personal influence. She testified to the power of both by the readiness with which her ideas of life, duty, and indeed her whole character submitted themselves to the discipline and took on the impressions which had come to her friends from both those instructors. Hence Dr. Johnson's 'I love you because you are such a good mother.'

addressed to the fascinating peeress, who by her second marriage in 1791 became Margravine of Anspach. Better perhaps than any contemporary of her epoch or sex she personifies faith and unfaith, not only in themselves but in their relation to later periods, and especially our own twentieth century. The infidelity amid which this remarkable woman grew up to notoriety had little in common with that of the subsequent age. It was not rooted in materialism or in the growing sense of self-sufficiency, generated by the modern triumphs of inventive science. So far from man boasting himself the master of nature, he lived in painfully suppressed or ill-concealed terror of those natural forces whose havoc he could not avert, and whose destructive manifestations his most laborious efforts could but partially repair. It was in fact a time not indeed of faith but of fear. Hence the hold gained by Deism over the popular eighteenth-century mind. It served as a convenient and fashionable hedge against the flat denial of the supernatural government of the universe. The eighteenth century approached its close, and the Georgian era entered on its second half. Collins, Toland, Tindal, Chubb, and the whole race calling themselves free thinkers were, in Edmund Burke's words, on their way to the family vault of all the Capulets (*Reflections on the Revolution in France*). By the time Burke wrote these words the 'Field Preachers' had left no class of the English people spiritually untouched. Dorothy Savile, made by her marriage with Lord Burlington the domestic martyr and the most pathetic figure of her time, did much not only towards giving a serious turn to Elizabeth Craven's thoughts, but to spread a taste for devotional reading in well-to-do and even titled families. Gradually the Sunday card-table went out, and Sunday books came in. In High Church homes, Saturday evening saw novels, books of anecdotes or travel locked up over the Sunday, and replaced by Madame Guyon, St. Francis de Sales, and other favourites for Anglo-Catholic as well

as Roman Catholic readers. During the second half of the eighteenth century its world-wide fame brought *The Pilgrim's Progress* and other of Bunyan's writings into every English home, irrespective of church or sect, while one of his serious lady friends introduced Hervey's *Meditations* to Richard Cumberland, with such good results that he subjected his plays to new and severe revision.

To pass from the classes to the masses, the Wellington district of West Somerset, traditionally nonconformist or evangelical, produced a typical instance of the movement's effect upon working men in the person of James Lackington, originally a cobbler, subsequently the head of a great bookselling business, eventually a modest landowner at or near Merton, in Surrey. The *Sortes Biblicae*, consulted by Doddridge after Wesley had given them up, had a great attraction for James Lackington. The master to whom he was apprenticed locked him in his bedroom that he should not go out to hear Methodist sermons. Suddenly he lighted on the text: 'He shall give his angels charge concerning thee, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.' The next moment he had jumped out of a window on his way to the meeting-house; he alighted on the ground so bruised as to be driven back to his chamber for some weeks till his limbs were healed. The epoch whose humbler lights are now recalled was, like the present section of our own twentieth century, one not only of spiritual and moral ferment and unrest, but also of varied intellectual efforts, presaging a great productive period soon to come. Is it to be so with us now? The notes of those unlaurelled and unadvertised singers, to-day fitfully audible in so many and sometimes such unexpected quarters, remind one that between 1770 and 1827 the premonitory strains, sounding from innumerable lyres, heralded the reaction against classical models, and, diffusing the inspiration drawn from Percy's *Reliques*, the verse of Burns, and the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, attuned the national ear for the

poetry that spoke the British mind and the prose with which Sir Walter Scott not only consummated the triumph of romantic writing, but on both sides of the Atlantic founded the historical novel as France and the United States received it from Alexandre Dumas. In art this ninth year of the fifth George has developed and encouraged the genius of caricature. So under his great-grandfather a kindred display of the pencil and brush came before the seven great British masters who, beginning with Reynolds (1723 to 1792) and ending with Landseer (1802 to 1873), never in their studio mixed up art with politics. From Hogarth, however, onwards, artistic revivals have been cradled in caricature; and to-day the genius of caricature shows itself in our 'black-and-white' artists with as much insight and force as it once did in Rowlandson or Gillray. The resemblance in design and execution of eighteenth-century to nineteenth-century painters and engravers marked the general relations of the two periods to each other. The latter brought with it the same social and political coercion whose continuance down to 1819 allowed the people till then less liberty than at any date since the Revolution of 1688. Long after reaction ceased to be the avowed policy of a party, it remained the temper of a political system that still at rare intervals makes a momentary show of return to life. The first display by nineteenth-century statesmanship of a character distinctively its own showed itself in Sir Robert Peel's Budget of 1842. Even then the typically model minister of the new age did little more than revive the reforms, just half a century earlier advocated by the most enlightened among the Duke of Portland's Treasury colleagues, Huskisson, who belonged quite as much to the eighteenth century as to the nineteenth. Mr. Asquith has been taken to task in some quarters for having spoken too well of that epoch, the second year of whose second half gave him birth. The twentieth-century view of its predecessor is that to a large extent it was a plagiarism upon the ages which had gone

before. Even the glory of its material and most characteristic triumphs is allowed to it only in part. Thus we are reminded the adaptation of steam to locomotive purposes was assured for no distant future when Thomas Newcomen devised his atmospheric engine in 1698 and his machine for pumping water out of mines in 1712. Newcomen's ideas were perfected by James Watt.

To pass from machinery to men, the third Marquis of Salisbury's death in 1903 closed the long line of great statesmen who dominated our public life since the reign of William and Mary. For that structural loss we had been prepared by Gladstone's removal in 1898. Thus it was our fate to begin the twentieth century without any of these intellectual leaders whose disappearance made life itself a novelty for us all. It was one of these, John Ruskin, who called war 'the foundation of all art.' If not in the picture exhibitions, yet as has been already said, in innumerable engravings, the War has exercised an influence on the pencil or the brush, of high promise for the matured productions of both at a later day. So, too, with those who have taken metre for their medium of expression. The little sets of war verses published by the most carefully conducted daily papers are often marked by so much of grace, freshness, and power that in coming years we shall turn back to them, as to the early products of more than one twentieth-century poet now in the making. In other and more serious departments of thought and writing the twentieth century, unlike its predecessor, has nothing to fear from the degenerate transcendentalism which diffused itself from Strasburg and Tübingen during five and twenty years previous to the war. Not indeed that these neologies originated with German speculators. Rather more than half a century in advance of Ferdinand Baur had come our own Tom Paine, with his *Age of Reason*, to animate and instruct the entire system of Teutonic rationalism and free thought.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.

ECONOMIC QUESTIONS IN THE CHURCH OF THE THIRD CENTURY

IN an article which appeared in July we traced the attitude of the Early Church to economic questions in the first two centuries. We now pass across the threshold of the third century, which has so large a part to play in preparing for the conversion of the Roman Empire.

The celebrated lawyer-rhetorician of Carthage, Tertullian, writing 197-220, who became a Montanist about 205, represented a severely critical and narrowly Christian view on economic matters. Contemn money and riches is his principle. Christ taught a scorn of wealth. He (Christ) always justifies the poor and condemns the rich (*De Pat.* 7). The Creator is the despiser of riches, the advocate of beggars (*Adv. Mar.* iv. 15 ANF 368). But a discrimination is seen in the remarks in the same chapter, when he says: 'The endowing of a man with riches is not an incongruity to God, for by the help of riches even rich men are comforted and assisted (how much more the poor); moreover by them many a work of justice and charity is carried out. But yet there are serious faults which accompany riches; and it is because of these that woes are denounced on the rich even in the Gospel.' All luxury and adornment are to be condemned. Severe temperance and abstinence in everything is obligatory. He condemns trade as one of the instruments of greed, and it is a disputed point whether he did not even condemn it as in itself obnoxious. If ever justified, it is only for a bare existence, not profit. 'When motive for acquiring ceases, there will be no necessity for trading. Grant now that there may be some righteousness in business secure from the duty of watchfulness and lying' (*De Idol.* 11). This last leaves a chance for modest business only to keep the wolf from the door. In the *Apology* we

have the well-known passage (42): 'We sojourn with you in the world, abjuring neither forum, nor shambles, nor bath, nor booth, nor workshop, nor inn, nor weekly market, nor any other places of commerce. We sail with you and fight with you and till the ground with you; and in like manner we unite with you in your trafficking—even in the various arts we make public property of our works for your benefit.' But this is to be interpreted simply as an historical statement, not as a value-judgement.

As to private property he presupposes it. When he says: 'We are intermingled by soul to soul, nor do we hesitate in the giving of our means. All things are common among us, except wives' (*Ap.* 39), he does not mean a strict communism, for in the context he speaks of the monthly offerings, impossible in a communistic society, and emphasizes their voluntary character. By these offerings, he says, we support the poor, &c. And so he refutes Marcion's right to the apostles by an application *ad hominem* of the law of property. 'What have you to do with that which is mine? By what right do you hew my wood? . . . This is my property. I hold sure title-deeds from the original owners' (*Praesc.* 37). But the tremendous significance of Christian benevolence was ever present with Tertullian. That was one of the specific marks of Christianity—'the compassion for the poor, by which we are moved' (*Ad Nat.* i. 4).

Origen, the consecrated Christian scholar, first of Alexandria and then of Caesarea in Palestine (active 225), takes a similar view both of poverty and riches. If one is poor, he says, let him take care not to steal and therefore swear falsely; if he is rich let him not look down upon the poor, for in his superfluity he can become a liar and speak in his pride, Who sees me? Nor should the poor think he is free from temptation, because he can lose heaven by bearing his poverty cowardly; behaving in a more slavish manner than is seemly. So also those who are in the middle position,

neither rich nor poor, are not sure of not failing even with their fit or adequate possessions. A rich martyr is to be praised on account of the greater reward he has to expect. The word of Christ about the difficulty of the rich man to get into the kingdom is to be explained from the fact that his heart hangs on his riches and he is thus hindered from bringing forth the fruits of the Word. We should not be anxiously careful for earthly blessings, but live in frugality, convinced that God will care for us, if we only strive for the necessary things. Origen takes for granted the political needs of man as necessarily leading to laws and arts, constitutions and governments. Man should take his part in society, in industry and thrift, and in his constitutional duties, as well as help his poorer neighbour bear his burdens. Philanthropy and care for the common weal is obligatory.¹

Though there is a modern sound to those principles of Origen, he was also true to the primitive Christian feeling. He says that everything worldly and bodily is only a passing shadow, and cannot be compared to the grace of God which bringeth salvation. Material riches cannot be compared with the riches of wisdom. Wealth is not a blessing. It is blind. The promises of riches in the Old Testament have to do with those who are rich in spiritual vision and knowledge. The most righteous men have lived in the greatest poverty. Whoever looks upon worldly wealth as a great blessing is an idolater, because his God is Mammon. The covetous are to be excluded from the Church. But that does not mean that the rich cannot be saved; it means only that his salvation is difficult. He easily runs into passions, and falls under the temptation of being caught by his riches. For all that, it is folly to praise the poor because they are poor, as many poor live vicious lives.²

¹ For these points see *On Prayer*, 29; *Exh. to Mart.* 14; *Ag. Cels.* vii. 23, 24; iv. 81; vii. 59.

² *On Prayer*, 17; *Hom. on Jer.* xii. 8, vii. 3, xi. 4; *Ag. Cels.* i. 24; vii. 18, 21, vi. 16; *Com. in Mat.* xix. 23.

The accomplished and devoted though ecclesiastically narrow bishop of Carthage, Cyprian (248-258) took a high view of the universal rights of humanity in God's gifts, though I cannot agree with Brentano that he prescribed communism *as a right*, but rather held it aloft as an ideal. After speaking of the communism of Acts iv. 32 he says: 'This is truly to become sons of God by spiritual birth; this is to imitate by the heavenly law the equity of God the Father. For whatever is of God is common in our use; nor is any one excluded from His benefits and His gifts, so as to prevent the whole human race from enjoying equally the divine goodness and liberality. (He then refers to the common blessings of nature.) In which example of equality he who as possessor in the earth shares his returns and his fruits with the fraternity, while he is common and just in his gratuitous bounties, is an imitator of God the Father' (*De Op. et El.*, 25). Here private possession is taken for granted even for Christians, who do not sell and give *all* their goods to a general store, but share (*partitur*) in benevolent bounty for all who need.¹

Besides, Cyprian's frequent exhortations to remember the poor, and his remark that when ability is lacking God will take the will for the deed, reveal also the voluntary nature of the Church's charities on a background of the ordinary right of property. But the ideal of the love in the early Church in Jerusalem which led to communism stood high with Cyprian. Referring to it he says again: 'But now we do not even give the tenths from our patrimony; and while our Lord bids us sell, we rather buy and increase our store. Thus has the vigour of faith dwindled among us; thus has the strength of believers grown weak' (*De Un. Eccl.* 26). In the social conditions of the time, there was sore need of help for the poor, and no one pleaded more

¹ Brentano mistranslates, Den alles was Gottes ist uns, *Die wir es usurpiert haben*. The translation in ANF is literal and correct. *Largitionibus gratuitis* shows a voluntary benevolence.

earnestly for gifts in this direction than did Cyprian. He also held that riches were not a blessing. In fact the highest blessing was a renunciation of worldly pleasures, adornments, and goods in a life wholly dedicated to God.

In an anonymous work printed among the writings of Cyprian, *De duodecim abusivis saeculi* (Hartel ed. iii. 152-173), we have a sensible view. One of these twelve abuses is the rich who refuse to distribute to the poor, and another is the poor who are proud in spirit. Poverty in itself is no blessing. He says: 'For those seeking the kingdom of heaven it avails more to have humility of spirit than poverty in regard to worldly riches. For the humble who possess riches well can be called the poor in spirit, and the proud though poor are deprived of the blessing of poverty.'

Lactantius, the rhetorician (305-310), had the instincts of a true democrat. God willed that all should be equal. All His blessings of both nature and spirit are intended for all. In His sight no one is slave and no one master. No one is poor but he who is without justice, no one is rich but he who is full of virtue, no one renowned but he who has performed works of mercy, no one most perfect but he who has filled all the steps of virtue. Neither Romans nor Greeks possessed justice because they had all kinds of distinctions in classes. Where all are not equally matched there is not equity (*Inst.* v. 15). Do we Christians carry this principle out? In spirit we do. All are called brethren. As we measure all things not by the body but by the spirit; though the condition of the bodies is different, yet we have no servants, but regard them as brothers in spirit, in religion as fellow servants (*i.e.*, in external relations they are servants, not in religious regard); only benevolence makes the rich illustrious. Even the poor are really rich because they want not and desire nothing (v. 16). If insolence and injustice are taken from the rich, it will make no difference whether some are rich and some poor, for all will be equal

in spirit (iii. 22). The advantage of riches is that it can be used for the welfare of the many, not for one's own enjoyment, but for justice. Supporting the poor, ransoming captives and slaves, protecting orphans and widows—this the higher justice commends (vi. 12). Plato's idea of a communistic system is foolish, for all motive to frugality is taken away in such a system, as well as motive to abstinence, since there is nothing belonging to another from which to abstain. The ownership of property contains the materials of both vices and virtues, but community of goods contains nothing else than the licentiousness of vice (iii. 22). The poor and humble more readily believe God than the rich, who are entangled with many hindrances; yea rather in chains and fetters they are enslaved to Desire, their mistress, their mind being bent to the earth (vii. 1). But riches are not to be foolishly wasted, as by Democritus when he abandoned his fields and allowed them to become public property. Men are not to throw away the means by which they may acquire the glory of liberality. If you have contempt of money, employ it in acts of kindness and humanity (iii. 23). The doing good which God prescribes is in affording aid to the oppressed and those in difficulty, and food to the destitute. Man lives in society, and ties of mutual need bind all civilized men together (vi. 10). A full discussion of benevolence will be found in vi. 11 and 12. You need not exhaust your property, but turn to better uses what you expend on superfluities (vi. 12). Brentano quotes (pp. 164–165) v. 18 as denying trade (the just man desires nothing which is the property of another. For why should he take a voyage, and what should he seek from another land, when his own is sufficient for him?) But Lactantius is speaking of extraordinary efforts, especially unjust ones, and not of the ordinary intercourse of human society, which he takes for granted (civilized men, connected together by the interchange of conversation and all business, vi. 10 at end). He is thinking of the contented man 'who

does not know how to seek gain, and is satisfied with his mode of living' (v. 18).¹

So far then as we can get light on sociological and economic matters up to about 300, we might thus sum up :

1. These questions were but little discussed. The references are very few, at the most. In modern phrase the Church did not have an economic consciousness. She was not a labour union. Her chief impulse was not social or economic.

2. Christian writers were true to the primitive conception of riches as a snare to the soul, to be carefully watched and guarded. A civilization where the unselfish rich man is a common thing had not yet come.

3. The ordinary economic basis of society, in which wealth is a perfectly legitimate object of pursuit, the more the better, was not recognized by the Church. The moral or religious point of view prevailed. Here Brentano is right. But when he says that the Church Fathers never recognized property but rather communism as a natural institution, he is partly right, but more largely wrong. In this case we should have had systematic attempts to carry out communism somewhere at least, and violent diatribes against any private possessions whatever.

4. I do not find either communism or socialism recognized as an obligatory principle in theory or anywhere (except of course in Jerusalem at the very first) carried out in practice. Occasional expressions which look that way are always balanced by others which both presuppose and necessitate the rights of property and voluntary benevolence.

5. This benevolence, however, is insisted upon, in the spirit of the New Testament, as one of the first duties of Christians, though it is not to be indiscriminate.

6. Labour, diligence, frugality, simplicity of dress and ornament, are also enjoined. J. A. FAULKNER.

¹ In some editions of Lactantius the chapters are one less in numbering than in others, so that v. 18 is v. 17.

A SHELF IN MY BOOKCASE

LET me say at once this paper is written only for the bookish. Those who cannot suffer gladly one who, for books' sake, is content to be counted a fool should read no further. I am going to write about one of my hobbies—a hobby which some will doubtless think even more foolish and idle than a book-lover's hobbies are wont to be. I make no defence of it—that would be foolish and idle indeed—I only exhibit it for those who care to look. All book-lovers have their hobbies, and what is equally a matter of course, they are very tolerant of each other. Usually they keep their treasures under lock and key, but now and again they are glad to arrange a more or less 'private view' for the interested few.

For several years I have been slowly accumulating a small row of little-known books by well-known writers. The books themselves are of small intrinsic value; most of them have had so little store set by them, either by the public or their authors, that they have never been reprinted; a second-hand dealer might hesitate before he offered a pound note for the whole set. Yet to me their interest is very real, and that not merely because of the long search which some of them cost, but chiefly because they are the books of men to whom in one way or another my personal debt is very great. In almost every case I think this has been the passport to a place on this privileged shelf. My right to describe some of the books I am about to name as 'little-known' will of course be sharply challenged. There are, doubtless, many to whom they are as well known as they are to me; but with this admission the phrase may perhaps be allowed to stand. And now without further preface or apology I will go on with my story.

I.—I begin with three small books of travel : Alexander McLaren's *A Spring Holiday in Italy*, R. H. Hutton's *Holiday Rambles*, and George Gissing's *By the Ionian Sea*. Dr. McLaren's little book I saw first thirty years ago, in the hands of a ministerial colleague who, like myself in those far-off days, was profoundly influenced by McLaren's preaching. Since then I have seen several copies, but more often in the secondhand-book shops, where it may be bought for a few pence, than on the shelves of my friends. McLaren spent three months in Italy in 1863. During the following winter he told the story of what he had seen in a course of lectures, given to a Young Men's Society in connexion with Union Chapel, Manchester. The lectures were published in the same city in 1865. Neither publisher nor author seems to have given much thought or care to the volume,¹ which for most readers has now lost whatever interest it may have once possessed. Written before the fall of the Papal Kingdom, it describes an Italy which now no longer exists, while its anti-Roman temper is a trifle too shrill for our nerves to-day. Nevertheless, for McLaren's sake the little modest green volume still keeps its place on my shelf. Among the many books which we owe to him, and which make a long row in some preachers' studies, it is, I think, the only one which lies outside the direct line of his pulpit ministry.

Mr. Hutton's book is much more difficult to obtain; my own copy (which I owe to that true friend of book-lovers, the late Mr. George Inglis, of Edinburgh) is the only one I have ever seen. It was published anonymously in 1877. The title-page reads as follows : 'Holiday Rambles in Ordinary Places. By a Wife with her Husband. Republished from the "Spectator."' There is probably no man living who is so

¹ The lectures, Miss E. T. McLaren says, 'were very hastily prepared from brief notes taken during "sight-seeing" in Italy. As regards one or two of the lectures, literally the ink was not dry, and no time was left for reading over, when he had to run to deliver it.' (*Dr. McLaren of Manchester*, p. 103.)

familiar with Hutton's writings as Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, and as it is to him I owe my knowledge of this book I may allow him to say all that needs to be said of it here. It affords, he says, the one accessible glimpse into Hutton's private life, and is a remarkable example of his versatility: 'The brightness and vivacity of the lady's contributions contrast noticeably with the grave and more burdened style of her husband. But all the letters were from the same hand.'¹

Mr. Gissing's *By the Ionian Sea* is the book about whose inclusion in this list I have hesitated most. It has been reprinted at least three times, and a cheap edition was published only last year. But I have found so many lovers of good books, and even admirers of Gissing, who have never heard of it,² that it seems worth while giving a paragraph to it. The critics do not seem as yet to have quite made up their minds about Gissing. 'One of the men of marked talent, who unhappily just misses,' is Lord Morley's verdict.³ On the other hand, many who are repelled by the sordid, ugly life of the novels find ceaseless delight in *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft* and *The Ionian Sea*. In these two books, says Mr. A. C. Benson, 'Gissing stepped into a new province, and produced exquisitely beautiful and poetical idealistic literature.'⁴ And of these two Gissing's biographer, Mr. Morley Roberts, gives the palm unhesitatingly to the latter. 'It is absolutely himself. That he loved books we all know. But how much more he loved the past and the remains of Greece and old, old Italy, "Magna Graecia" proves to us almost with tears.'⁵

II.—I take next two little books of literary criticism. The first is *Alfred Tennyson*, by Walter E. Wace. 'Walter

¹ *The Day Book of Claudius Clear*, p. 315.

² Prof. H. Walker, for example, in his *Literature of the Victorian Era*, mentions by name five of Gissing's works, but is silent about this one.

³ *Recollections*, vol. ii. p. 68.

⁴ *The Upton Letters*, p. 206.

⁵ *The Private Life of Henry Maitland*, pp. 216-7. This remarkable book contains under a very thin disguise the painful story of Gissing's life. 'Magna Graecia,' of course, represents *The Ionian Sea*.

E. Wace' is one of the many pen-names of W. Robertson Nicoll. The book was published in Edinburgh in 1881, when Nicoll was a young Free Church minister in Kelso. He brought out in the same year, under his own name, another volume, *The Incarnate Saviour*. His first book, *Calls to Christ*, had already appeared in 1877. The volume on Tennyson has of course long been superseded, but at the time Nicoll could justly claim that 'it is by far the fullest collection of facts regarding Mr. Tennyson and his works that has yet been published,' and the book is still, for those who are fortunate enough to possess it, a treasury of good things. It contains a beautiful engraving of the poet's earliest known portrait, and everywhere one notes that meticulous accuracy and knowledge of the byways of literary history which since then have made the name of Nicoll so famous—and feared—among all the tribes of our book-loving Israel.

The second book to be named under this head is *An Examination of the Charge of Apostasy against Wordsworth* (1892), by W. Hale White, better known to most readers as Mark Rutherford. The aim of this interesting *brochure* is to show that the popular opinion that towards the middle of his life Wordsworth apostasized from his earlier faith, both in politics and in religion, is without foundation. How far the writer has made out his case we need not now inquire. 'Apostate' is an ugly name to fling at a man like Wordsworth; nevertheless, the view which Mark Rutherford combats seems likely to hold its ground. Prof. Harper, for example,¹ asserts that the poet's life was 'broken in the middle,' and that its two halves are 'incongruous.' Substantially the same view was taken by Dr. W. T. Davison, in an article in this Review two years ago. Nevertheless, those who like the present writer make a point of reading everything that Mark Rutherford wrote, will not overlook this book, even though they remain unconvinced by it;

¹ In his recent *William Wordsworth* (2 vols.). He makes no reference to Mark Rutherford.

neither in judging it will they forget that, at the end of the last century there were, perhaps, not half-a-dozen men alive who had Mark Rutherford's exact and intimate acquaintance with everything that Wordsworth had written.

III.—And now I turn to a small batch of religious writings on my shelf: S. R. Driver's *Critical Notes on the International Sunday School Lessons from the Pentateuch*, Marcus Dods' *Epistles of our Lord*, R. W. Dale's *Discourses on Special Occasions* and A. B. Davidson's *Commentary on Job*. My copy of Driver's *Notes* is dated 1887, and bears the imprint of Scribner, New York. If there was an English edition I have never seen it. My attention was first drawn to it in 1890, by a footnote in Bishop Gore's much debated contribution to *Lux Mundi*. Slight in form—only a pamphlet of some eighty or ninety pages—and elementary in substance, it was none the less a sign of what was coming. Dr. Driver, at that time a comparatively unknown man, had been invited to write for the *American Sunday School Times* a series of papers on the lessons selected from the Old Testament. Only five appeared when an editorial interdict stopped further publication. Meanwhile the writer had completed his notes for the remaining lessons of the half year, and they are here published in separate form. Their point of view is indicated with characteristic modesty and simplicity. 'Of the reality of the revelation embodied in the Old Testament the writer has never entertained any doubt, and his studies have only confirmed him in his belief of it. But these same studies have also persuaded him that the facts of the Bible itself do not (in many cases) permit the ordinarily accepted views respecting the origin and structure of the different books to be maintained. It appears to him to be the duty of Christian teachers and apologists to accept such conclusions as are thus authorized, and to appropriate, so far as they are assured, the results of critical and historical research.' Much water has run under the bridge since these words were written, but the

twofold conviction to which they give expression remained in Driver unshaken to the last. And if, both in England and America, the Christian Church has come without disaster through the inevitable clash of old and new around her Hebrew Scriptures, it is perhaps to him—to his learning, his patience, his soberness, his faith—more than to any other man, that we owe this happy issue out of our afflictions.

Marcus Dods' *Epistles of our Lord* is dated 1867. It was in 1864 that Dods began his famous ministry in Glasgow. Everybody knows how for six years before that he had waited in vain for a church that should count him worthy to be its minister. Then at last came the call to Glasgow, and there he remained until his appointment, twenty-five years later, to a chair in the Free Church College, Edinburgh. Meanwhile the six years of waiting had not been wasted. A volume of selections from St. Augustine, an edition of Lange's *Leben Jesu* in six volumes, a number of magazine essays,¹ and *The Prayer that Teaches to Pray*—his first original book—show the stuff of which this young probationer was made. *The Epistles of our Lord*, though not published till later, and never reprinted, was apparently written during the same period. The little volume is forgotten now, and nobody who is not interested in Marcus Dods is likely to trouble himself to look for it, but those who recall that strong, gracious, and lovable soul will keep it for his sake, and for the heartening memories which it enshrines.

R. W. Dale's *Discourses on Special Occasions* is a year older than Dods' *Epistles*, and like it has long been out of print. In Sir A. W. W. Dale's list of his father's books it stands fourth,² its predecessors being *The Talents* (written when Dale was sixteen!), *The Life and Letters of J. A. James* and *The Jewish Temple and the Christian Church*. Why this volume should so soon have been allowed to drop

¹ Some of them were afterwards reprinted in his *Erasmus and other Essays*.

² *Life*, p. 751.

out of sight, it is hard to tell. Are there any nobler examples of English Nonconformist preaching fifty years ago? Dale was only thirty-seven at the time, yet already one notes the rich and glowing style, the easy handling of the greatest themes, the strong, ethical emphasis, which marked their author's later and maturer works. One obvious criticism the volume suggests—the inordinate length of the 'discourses,' even though we remember that they were delivered on 'special occasions.' The book contains only ten sermons, yet it runs to nearly 350 pages. One of them—a missionary sermon, which was described by Dean Alford in the *Contemporary Review* as one of the noblest he had ever read—contains some 12,000 words and occupied two hours in delivery, and this at a morning service on a weekday!¹ Even Principal Forsyth would be satisfied.²

When I speak of A. B. Davidson's *Commentary on Job* I refer, of course, not to the well-known volume in the 'Cambridge Bible' series, but to the earlier, larger, and, alas! unfinished work which appeared as long ago as 1862, and which is now very scarce. When it was published Davidson was a young and unknown scholar, with only the status of an assistant professor. His book—which contained an introduction, together with a commentary on Job i.-xiii.—fell flat, the author was left out of pocket for his pains, and the projected second volume never saw the light. Later on, his biographer tells us, he handed over the notes he had prepared to Dr. Samuel Cox, who had begun to work at the same subject.³ But, however Davidson's immediate contemporaries may have failed to appreciate his work, all succeeding generations of English biblical students have owned themselves his debtors. A writer in the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* speaks of his book as 'the

¹ *Life*, p. 199.

² 'A Christianity of short sermons,' says the epigrammatic Principal, 'is a Christianity of short fibre.' (*Positive Preaching*, p. 110.)

³ See J. Strahan's *Andrew Bruce Davidson*, p. 203.

first really scientific commentary on the Old Testament in the English language.'¹ Prof. Peake unhesitatingly pronounces it, so far as it goes, far more valuable than his later work in the 'Cambridge Bible' series. 'In no later work,' he says, 'did the author seem as though he could "recapture that first fine careless rapture."'² Davidson's biographer, admitting the inferiority,³ accounts for it by pointing out that the later books 'were all written at the request of some general editor, who of course expected each contributor to conform to the pattern shown on the editorial mount.' Whatever the explanation, we shall all agree with Prof. Peake that Davidson's failure to complete his earlier work 'is a permanent impoverishment of our English exegesis.'

IV.—The remaining volumes on my shelf of which I have space to write are a very mixed lot. Two of them I need do little more than name. One is *Matthew Arnold's Notebooks*, published by his daughter in 1902, and the other J. A. Froude's *Nemesis of Faith*. Arnold's book has its place here, partly because I like to miss nothing of his—not even his School Reports—and partly because it shows how faithfully to the very end he fulfilled his own ideal of the critic: 'to know and make known the best that is known and thought in the world.' *The Nemesis of Faith* takes us back as far as 1849, and was the first book published by Froude under his own name.⁴ It involved its author in serious trouble both with his college and his home, and for long remained out of print. However, it is now available in a cheap reprint,⁵ and I need say no more about it here.

¹ The notice is unsigned, but in Taylor Innes' biographical sketch (prefixed to Davidson's posthumous *Called of God*) the same words are quoted as the judgement of Sir George Adam Smith.

² See *Job* in the 'Century Bible,' p. 48.

³ 'The verve, the *elan*, the audacity, the splendid diction of that first volume scarcely appear in any of the author's later books published during his lifetime' (p. 203).

⁴ *Shadows of the Clouds*, by Zeta, was a still earlier work (1847) from the same pen.

⁵ In the 'Scott Library,' with an Introduction by W. G. Hutchinson.

The next on my list is *Memoirs of Arthur Hamilton, B.A.*, by Christopher Carr. 'Christopher Carr' stands for Mr. A. C. Benson, and *Arthur Hamilton* is his first book, published in 1886, when he was twenty-four.¹ For this I am indebted to the Life of his uncle, the late Henry Sidgwick, from which I take the following: 'February 14 (1886). I have had rather an interesting surprise. Some days ago I saw in the *Pall Mall* a short review of an obviously fictitious biography of "Arthur Hamilton, B.A.," by "Christopher Carr." The names seemed somehow familiar to me, and reflecting on them I conjectured that hero and biographer were "differentiated" out of my nephew, Arthur Christopher Benson. So I bought the book and have been reading it. It is a curious performance, immature both in Art and Thought, but I think very promising, having the essential qualities of *individuality* and *aplomb*. The writer nowhere gives one the sense of misapplied effort—the effects he tries to produce he does produce. What the fate of the book may be I do not conjecture, and it is as likely as not to fall almost dead.' And so it has proved: I bought my copy of *Arthur Hamilton* for fourpence; nevertheless it will still interest any one who is interested in Mr. A. C. Benson.²

The next two in my little miscellany are anonymous. The title-page of one of them reads thus: '*On Natural Law in the Spiritual World*. By a Brother of The Natural Man.' It is the work of James Denney, written in 1885, while he was still a young Free Church probationer. Men and women whose reading memories do not go back as far as the eighties of the last century can hardly realize how the religious world of that day was swept off its feet by Henry

¹ The following year Mr. Benson published, under his own name, his interesting study of Archbishop Laud.

² One little link with Benson's later writings may be noticed. 'Four years passed,' writes 'Christopher Carr'; 'I went during that time to Tredennis—in the summer, where I took my scanty holiday; for I was in a Government office where only six weeks were allowed.' 'Only six weeks'! Mr. Benson's books generally give one the impression that life has been for him a well-cushioned place.

Drummond's famous and brilliant book. But young Denney refused to be stampeded, and his criticism, which revealed already the sure grasp and trenchant style of his later writings, was probably the ablest of the many which *Natural Law* evoked. He extolled ungrudgingly the manifest beauties of Drummond's work, but its main thesis he attacked without mercy. Mankind, he declared, is not divisible into two such sharply defined and rigidly separated classes—the natural and the spiritual—as Drummond imagines. All men have 'an indefectible kinship with God'; their relation to Him 'is not casual but essential'; 'God is the Father of the most natural of natural men, however unwilling he may be to be called His son; and the work of redemption is the work of winning men to recognize their true nature.' Denney was especially severe on Drummond for his misuse of the imagery of the 'new birth.' 'A real disservice is done to Christianity when the wealth and variety of New Testament teaching are neglected, and attention confined to one special feature of it. . . . We cannot afford to disinherit ourselves of the unsearchable riches of Christ, to pass by all the other helps He gives to the understanding, because the Christian "life" is a topic on which a Christian biologist finds it easy to preach. Christ is life; yes, and light and truth and love and righteousness; and where these exist in the world, confessed or unconfessed, in Greek or Jew, in Buddhist or Brahmin, there Christ is, and life and grace and God.' 'Considering its extraordinary popularity, and its common relation to religion and science, it may seem rash to say so, but'—this is the final summing-up—'*Natural Law in the Spiritual World* is a book that no lover of men will call religious, and no student of theology scientific.'

The second anonymous volume to which I refer is entitled *Modern Characteristics*, a series of brief essays from the *Saturday Review*, published in 1865. It is now known to be the work of Lord Morley, and was, I believe, his

first book.¹ It is full of good things, and marked by that unfailing distinction of style which one always associates with the name of Morley. If some of its pages are marred by a certain youthful pertness, which, if ever he looks into it now, must make its author wince, that perhaps is only to be expected in one who was then both so clever and so young. One odd thing about the essays, to the present-day reader, is the frequency of their references to Bishop Colenso and his theories of the Pentateuch. How grey and cold the ashes of that old controversy seem to-day, and how hot and fierce was once the fire that burnt in them!

It is always an easy step in my mind from Lord Morley to Dean Church, and the next and last book on my list is the Dean's *Essays and Reviews*. It was published in 1854, the year after Church settled at Whatley, and six years before its more famous namesake. The volume seems to have attracted little attention; it was never reprinted as a whole, and it is only once referred to in the Dean's correspondence.² Of the eight essays which make up the book—a large octavo of nearly 600 pages—the first is the now famous essay on Dante, which has been often reprinted, and which still keeps its place in the literature of that subject; two others are on St. Anselm, and were afterwards worked up into the Dean's later volume bearing that title; the paper on Brittany is now included in his *Miscellaneous Essays*.³ The other four have not been reprinted. Few eyes, I suppose, will ever read in this old volume again, but there are some who let nothing that bears the name of Church pass unheeded, and they will find in the buried pages of this young Oxford scholar yet farther proof that in him God gave to the English Church one of the best and wisest men, one of the most completely cultured and completely Christian minds, that have ever been dedicated to her service.

GEORGE JACKSON.

¹ One of the essays, 'New Ideas' is referred to in Morley's *Recollections*, vol. i. p. 52.

² *Life and Letters*, p. 143.

³ In the 'Eversley' series.

ASPECTS OF MOUNTAIN BEAUTY

THE appeal which mountains make to all imaginative natures—the poet, the seer, the romanticist, the artist, the historian—may be treated scientifically by the trained or expert critic of their form, colour, and associations; but the mere lover and observer of the hills—no professional but only an amateur in their aesthetics—is capable of doing useful, if preparatory work, by endeavouring to communicate his own enthusiasm to those who have not heard the call or felt the lure of the great heights.

It is simply the truth that some aspects of mountain beauty can only be seen by the climber: and by the climber is not meant the fell-walker who ascends Scafell or Snowdon. 'He may admire,' says a brilliant young climber, 'the view from the top of Scafell: but the climber within a few hundred yards of him on the Pinnacle Arête is moving in another and more wonderful world. From across the valley Lliwedd appears as a featureless face grand only in the sweep of its descent to Cwm Dwli. But to the climber it reveals an infinite variety of rock scenery. There is no flat foreground to detract from the sense of height. The eye looks straight across a mile of emptiness to the opposing bastions of Crib Goch.'

Petrarch—the famous Italian humanist—is said to be the first 'modern' man: at least he is the link between the modern and mediaeval world, and there is a famous incident in his life which illustrates his intermediate position. After reading Livy's account of the ascent of Haemus by Philip V, he was inspired to make the ascent of Mount Ventoux, a height that rises to an elevation of 6,000 feet, NE. of Avignon. We quote the description of the climb which Sir J. E. Sandys gives in his *Harvard Lectures*

on the Renaissance. 'It was with grave deliberation that he selected as his companion on this almost unprecedented enterprise his younger brother who, six years later, entered a monastery at Marseilles. While he was climbing the steep slopes, he derived new courage from a phrase of Virgil, and he was also struck by an appropriate reminiscence of Ovid. When he stood on the summit with the clouds beneath him, he thought of Athos and Olympus, and while he gazed in rapture at the view around him, he suddenly recalled with regret the last three of the ten years that had elapsed since he left the University of Bologna. Then, in the spirit of the mediaeval rather than the modern world, he bethought him of the copy of the *Confessions* of St. Augustine which he always had at hand : and as he opened it, his eyes fell on the impressive passage :—"and men go about to gaze with wonder at the heights of the mountains and the mighty waves of the sea, and the wide sweep of rivers, and the vast expanse of ocean, and the revolutions of the stars, but themselves they abandon." Both the brothers were abashed, and descended the mountain slopes in silence.'

It is probable that Petrarch must be reckoned among the earliest pioneers of mountain climbing. The mediaeval world as a whole was blind to the romantic aspects of mountains. Mr. Arnold Lunn¹ puts up a gallant defence of the Middle Ages on the ground that the mountains are unchanged and so is humanity : then as now real lovers of the hills were a scanty band. He will not have it that we are right in generalizing from 'detached expressions of horror.' But the facts seem to be against his view. People who travelled up to the eighteenth century were, with but few exceptions, uninterested in scenery. They regarded the Alps with horror and the crossing of them as the mass of mankind regards Polar explorations. The tourists of the Middle Ages aimed at utility rather than pleasure :

¹ See *The Alps*, p. 15.

knowledge was the one incentive. But a change of view sets in with the eighteenth century. Our own poet Gray is one of the first of Englishmen to feel the romance of nature. 'Every torrent and rock seemed full of poetry and religion for him, and ought to convert atheists: fancy could easily see spirits there at noon.' He came as we know to our own Lake Country. The view of the Keswick valley from Castlerigg was 'the most beautiful view I have yet seen of the whole valley, the two lakes, the river, the mountains, all in their glory!' Thirlmere and Grasmere aroused him to ecstasy. 'Grasmere vale is a little unsuspected Paradise; all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty in its neatest, most becoming attire.' Here is the first authentic note of nature-love; here we have the true herald of Wordsworth.

Rousseau¹ is his Continental counterpart. He revealed to the world the glory of the Alps. He invested nature with a soul larger than that of man and with a language and a meaning in her eternal changes. Rousseau's influence was extraordinary, and is said to have brought thousands of sightseers to the Alps; and with them came the pioneer climbers—in particular Saussure, who ascended Mont Blanc in 1787. During the nineteenth century, under Shelley, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, the cult of mountain beauty was steadily to increase until in Ruskin's *Modern Painters* it received its most notable and for ever significant interpretation. The chapters entitled 'The Mountain Gloom' and 'The Mountain Glory' in the fourth volume, which treats of mountain beauty, while marked by the typical Ruskin prejudices when he travels outside the realm of art and natural beauty, nevertheless remain the noblest and most glowing exposition of what he conceived to be Nature's most perfect creations. Ruskin is in fact the prophet of the mountains, and to his

¹ See Friedländer, *Roman Life and Manners*, Eng. tr., I. 380-428, for a full study of the feeling for nature in ancient and mediaeval times; some of the facts of this and preceding paragraphs have been taken from his discussion.

exquisite artistic sense of beauty he joins a profoundly spiritual consciousness ; the Alps are holy ground to him, a temple lighted with celestial glory and trodden by celestial presences ; ' to fill the thirst of the human heart with the beauty of God's working, to startle its lethargy with the deep and pure agitation of astonishment : are their higher missions.'

There is glorious variety in *mountain form*. Compare the gentle lines of our own Skiddaw or even of the more craggy Scafell range with the splintered needles of Mont Blanc. The one set with their flowing lines suggest repose : the other action. Both have a beauty of their own. If the 'needles' of Lakeland are more blunted and have rather the form of arrow-heads, they suggest solidity and firmness. To the climber who knows by actual contact their firm structure of porphyry and felspar, they are real friends and have nothing of the friable nature which for example marks the great wall faces and crags of the Rockies. The same may be said of the Chamounix 'aiguilles' of which Ruskin made a special study : they are formed of unstratified and crystalline rock. Nowhere else but in this famous valley do we find the general condition of a rounded bank sustaining jagged or pyramidal peaks. From the Grands Charmoz with its adjacent aiguille, the famous Grepon, by way of the Aiguilles Blaitière, Du Plan, and Midi to the rounded summit of Mont Blanc, you behold a forest of sharp, tapering rocks unequalled in the world, and to be found only on the sky-line of that mighty *massif* where these 'arrowy spires' are seen in all their fantastic variety. As one stands at the Montanvert hotel looking up the famous frozen 'sea' with its arrested waves, on one side gleaming in the sunlight, on the other dark with the deep blue shadows only to be seen in glaciers, the eye catches afar the famous Grandes Jorasses—an outline of splintered ridges from whose rocky flanks fall the waves of snow as of some receding foaming tide into the gleaming river of the glacier ; while

like a sentinel looking out over an ocean cliff stands the towering rock of the Dent du Géant. No one who has seen this view will dispute Ruskin's opinion that as a spectacle of mountain form it is unsurpassed in the world. The famous Matterhorn as seen from Zermatt is one of these aiguilles on a huge scale—a solitary 'obelisk' of rock that rises pyramidally from the lower sky-line of the snowy ridge that is the barrier of Switzerland and Italy. From other points of view this fascinating peak loses its sharpness of outline and becomes less steep and more horizontal in its contour. There is nothing like it: but the north face of Tryfaen in North Wales on a miniature scale recalls its rocky surface on which little snow remains, while the neighbouring height of Cynicht thrown up against the western sky is known as the Matterhorn of Wales when seen from a certain angle.

It is not necessary to have verdure on the hill-tops to make them beautiful: it is indeed better to have them bare. The heather of Scotch hills and the bare grass of our more rounded and beautiful contours of Lakeland do not interfere with the flow of the lines, which is only blurred and confused by great trees. Perhaps the cone—more or less marked—is what the eye looks for and rests on, whether of Snowdon or Grisedale Pike seen from Grassmoor, or of that perfect specimen, the Weisshorn, which, viewed from the Täsch-alp, rises sharply, the majestic apex of 'a star-ypointing pyramid.' Another perfect cone is Teneriffe, which rises sheer from the Atlantic. In this case there is nothing in the surroundings to detract from the solitary splendour of its shapely lines. A lonely peak is perhaps more impressive than that which marks the crown of a range.

Distant views in a mountainous district can of course only be seen to perfection from a height. Baddeley says you can see Slieve Donard in the Mourne mountains from Scafell Pike, a distance of 100 miles—while the Welsh Carneddys, over 90 miles away, can also be seen on clear days. On January 7 this year the writer ascended Skiddaw in an

atmosphere of crystalline clearness, mounting over hard snow for 1,000 feet. On the west and south, though the Lake hills were clear enough, a haze on the horizon prevented a further vision: but on the east the Pennines snow-covered had the aspect often remarked in the Alps of being suspended between earth and heaven, while on the north, far beyond the violet band of the Solway Firth, one could see the snow-crowned bulk of Goat Fell on Arran: it is just possible that in the rare, clean, wind-swept air the faint outline of Ben Lomond was in view, at least for a telescope. In fact, on such days all the experiences of the Alps may be renewed by any one who cares to ascend the Lakeland fells. From the heights above Saas Fée one can see a glorious panorama: the Matterhorn, the Grand Combin, and Mont Blanc fifty-four miles away and can photograph them. The view from Darjeeling of Mount Everest and its fellows is one of the great views of the world—'a joy for ever' to those who have had the good fortune to witness it. But summit views are often disappointing: one is conscious of this even in Leslie Stephen's famous description of the view from Mont Blanc, while from the Matterhorn you gaze over a fantastic world of gabled roofs clad in snow, or you stand as it were on a headland overlooking the ridges of a frozen sea. The impression that remains is that of the snow-mountains hanging aloft above the magic haze of the valley—a fairy world suspended in thin air. We remember Tennyson's view from Milan:—

I climbed the roofs at break of day:
Sun-smitten Alps before me lay.
I stood among the silent statues
And statued pinnacles, mute as they.
How faintly flush'd, how phantom fair,
Was Monte Rosa, hanging there
A thousand shadowy-pencill'd valleys
And snowy dells in golden air.

Nothing could better express the vision of distant Alps seen from any eminence: and of all poetic aspects none leaves a more lasting impression or a keener heart-ache of longing

to renew it : and it is a consolation to the middle-aged climber that from a *col* rather than a summit its delicate beauty may best be viewed.

The *colour* of mountain-beauty one almost hesitates to describe : words fail, just as a photograph fails, to reproduce it. It is also the despair of the mountain artist. Indeed there is much to be said for the view that mountains are unpaintable. There is something elusive in the atmospheric effects of the hills which vary from hour to hour, and the only successful mountain artists are those who deal in clear outlines and broad colour effects : but when once an artist begins to spend time on pettifogging details and photographic niceties, we may get a coloured view but not a picture. Both Leonardi and Titian painted mountains either 'as backgrounds or foregrounds, and the latter in particular became 'the father of classic landscape.' But landscape for landscape's sake has been a late development of art, and the feeling for mountains comparatively modern. In our land Constable and Turner—the water-colourists—started a new tradition : in France, Poussin and the Barbizon school (owing much to Constable) started another. The influence of the artists of the Far East has been marked on modern impressionist art : these painters of China, India, and Japan never aim at a mere reproduction of the seeming reality of nature : they paint nature as she appears to their imagination and memory. Our own Mr. C. J. Holmes, who is a follower of the French artist Cézanne, is likely to achieve much for mountain art. He has borrowed the broadwash method of the East, and aims at the suppression of detail in favour of colour effects brilliant and quiet as the case may be. Take for example his painting of Blencathra in snow—recently reproduced by the Medici Society : it is taken from the Catbells in the winter, a broad, lightish blue band of colour representing Derwentwater with converging larch-clad hillsides, and in the centre the snowy rounded western slope of the mountain and beyond it the sharp summit peaks in dark blue. Mr.

Holmes,¹ who is the Director of the National Gallery, has struck out an original water-colour method of his own, but in a private letter to the writer he laments that very few people have the least interest in mountains. Artists, however, must do for the artistic interpretation of mountains what Wordsworth did for their poetic and spiritual interpretation, and the few who understand and love them will become a multitude: at least there is a great future for the mountain artist who will work by means of firm outlines and flat washes of colour.

But let us turn to the mountain *colour-scheme* itself. This is modified by light, sunlight and moonlight, by water, by mist, and by cloud. All these vary the lines of the mountain structure, as for example the same slopes of Skiddaw become a slaty blue in a clear light or black under mist. Add to these the variations of the seasons, autumn and winter in particular. The autumn glory of golden bracken and purple heather variegating the green slopes and black gullies and downward flowing ridge lines of Skiddaw, make it one of the most nobly-coloured mountains in Europe, perhaps in the world. The Dolomites in large measure owe their miraculous colourings to the many-hued glow of evening. The autumn colouring of the New England hills² is said to surpass anything in our landscape: but none will deny the amazing colour-beauty of Skiddaw at all times in the year and indeed in all lights, but chiefly in the half tones of the sinking sun. There is a glory in Lakeland—smaller heights though they are—denied for example to the Canadian Rockies, where beyond the foreground of burnt-out forest, the blue-green pinewoods stretch in unbroken monotony of colour below the snow line. No one who has been in the Swiss Alps can fail to recall the overwhelming impression of the dawn among the

¹ See *Colour*, Nov., 1917, for a reproduction which illustrates these remarks.

² Cf. *The Mountain*, by J. C. Van Dyke—a suggestive and stimulating discussion of mountain nature by an American observer, to whom I am indebted for some features of the colour and clouds of the hills alluded to hereafter.

high peaks—the saffron splendour which lights up the most distant peaks, so that you can see from the Théodule ridge below the Matterhorn the faint Oberland heights like a delicate tracery in silver on the far horizon, while crossing the same ridge from Italy you behold the blunted Italian head of the Matterhorn turned into molten gold; and, looking back, the snowy peaks of the Graians hung in mid-air, the Grivola and the Gran Paradis, fairy shapes emerging from the dusky haze of the plains. Equally entrancing is the alpenglow, whether touching to a red glory the crown of Monte Rosa or suffusing with pink radiance the snow-clad Helvellyn range as you see it from the shores of Bassenthwaite early in the year. These hills are ‘catch-points’ which receive the first tender hues of the sunrise like the summit of Skiddaw on a winter’s dawn which glows with rose-pink above the shadow cast by the Low Man. And then remember your visions of moonlight on the hills, the sense of mystery and romance, the awful blackness of the mountains, which in the twilight put on shapes of terrifying hugeness, and the soft silvery lights thrown from the clear spaces of the heavens as the moon goes sailing in its cloudy ocean. It is in the dusk and darkness that the mountains appear to be grim monsters. At the close of an August day you can gaze on the *massif* of Mont Blanc from the Aiguille Verte to the Dome du Goûter; or better still the distant peaks of the Oberland in the famous view from the Berne Terrace, and you behold the shadow line mounting steadily—a grey ashen hue overspreading the roseate glow of evening until now only the topmost pinnacles are lighted: slowly the light pales and dies out; the night is at hand; and the mountains become the abode of terror and desolation. The dark-blue sky and the snow-peaks of Switzerland form a picture that might become monotonous in its sharpness of colour-distinction, were it not for the endless play of light and shade afforded by the changes of day and night. There are colours, however, that can only be appreciated by close contact with

the Alps—the indescribable blue-green of the glacier seen in the depths of crevasses and bergschrunds and the blue of the shadows on the snow. Remember also the dazzling whiteness of the snow itself, which, according to Ruskin, under a warm light is one of nature's most beautiful creations. Nor ought we to forget the blue of the sky. We rarely in these northern latitudes can match it: it is always a harder blue. Mountains as we know give blue to nature—a dim, dusky blue much softer than the blue of sky. Perhaps however on certain days we can almost reach the Swiss blue, which gets deeper and deeper as we ascend until on the highest of the Alps it has become the deep dark blue of the gentian. But the English atmosphere rarely matches the wonderful clearness of the air in the Alps of Switzerland and Italy—a pure, unstained, exhilarating clearness which invigorates the frame and delights the eye while it invests the forms of nature with a dazzling sharpness of outline.

It is not our purpose to dwell on Alpine flora: we need only be reminded that the valley meadows and pine forests below the snows are ablaze with colour, and that right up to the moraines into which the glaciers finally merge you find patches of exquisite beauty—the thin turf dotted with blue gentian and yellow anemone, while in the woods you discover mosses and forest flowers and lichens and ferns in endless profusion. The walk through the pine woods is indeed one of the charms of Alpine climbing: happily we have near at hand a replica of that pleasure in the earlier stages of the ordinary Skiddaw ascent as we mount by the edge of larch-woods, which in winter impress you with their mysterious silence, and in spring fascinate you with their delicate tendrils of fresh green. These mountain woods give a homelike touch of beauty suggestive of repose and security at the bases of these huge heights which only the young and hardy may scale.

The effects of *mountain-waters* is next to be considered.

In our limpidly clear Lake-country streams and cascades we have a treasure of undying beauty. The glacier streams may fall from more terrible heights and roar through more precipitous gorges, but they come mingled with the impurities of their source, and to drink of them may have fatal consequences; their colour too is a cloudy grey. Nothing can be more disappointing than the first view after leaving Lake Geneva of that glacier-formed river the ashen-coloured Rhone. The waterfalls are gigantic, but the beauty of falling water anywhere is due first to its surroundings and then to the atmospheric conditions: when shot by the sunlight or wrought to prismatic tints, as in the famous Handegg falls formed by the junction of the two streams, they are beautiful. But it is in 'the still bosom of the lake' or tarn where the surrounding glory is reflected that you look for the noblest effect of water among the hills. See, for example, Mont Blanc reflected in a tarn of its Italian neighbour, the Mont de la Saxe, at Courmayeur; or Grisedale Tarn set like a diamond among the fells, or the black lake of Wastwater turned to gold by the setting sun, or Loch Coruisk in Skye, or the mist-haunted Llyn Idwal in North Wales, or Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite, which on still days mirror mountain reflections of surpassing beauty. But let us not forget the beauty of innumerable becks and rivulets of the northern fells: these are our blithe companions wherever we move—and sometimes the murmur of a hidden stream with its music born of the secret springs of the mountain fills the heart with joy. The mountains bring us to a new world of *sound*. Not merely the hooting of the owl across the lake or the contented croon of the water-fowl at close of day: or the 'austere symphony' of raven-croak and echoing Helvellyn: or 'the bleak music of the old stone-wall'; but a host of other melodies breathed by the wind amid the hills—the whispering breeze, the reverberation of the onset of a hurricane, the moan of a rising tempest. We owe much to Wordsworth for his sensibility to the sounds of the hills.

Finally, there is the effect of *cloud and mist*. The mountains are great cloud-makers, creators of mists and rains. Most of the time the hills are shrouded in white-grey mists, and when snow and rain fall, the hillsides serve to throw in relief the slanting veils of descending moisture. These mists have a beauty of their own which we overlook in a land where bad weather constitutes an almost daily grumble. At night the ranges are usually free of cumulus and nimbus, but at dawn, with the sun-warmed air of the valley, the clouds reappear. In Zermatt the writer once woke to a morning mist that blotted out the valley, but a short ascent by the Riffelalp railway took him above the grey sea, and then came the noblest sensation of beauty—the circle of peaks from the Matterhorn to the Weisshorn standing out like dazzling minarets against the blue sky. One may notice after a frosty night the mists parting into wraith-like fleecy shapes up the sides of Skiddaw, and sometimes one sees a band of mist cutting off the summit until it stands out like a mighty cliff over a level sea. Every one knows the helm or bonnet-shaped cloud that rests on Skiddaw and the Pennines on those terrible blue days when a north-east wind does its worst: one has only to look at the lake to see the effect of its gyrations and eddyings which churn the surface in waterspouts. Dwellers in Mexico say that Popocatepetl always has this bonnet cloud on its peak. In Switzerland we often see the banner or pennant-shaped cloud hanging from a summit—an ensign of mist that spreads out to point. There is also the heap-cloud which rises in billowy rolls to an enormous height, and in the afternoons is tinged by the colours of the sun, and when seen above the mountains themselves its masses produce the fairy illusion of ‘mountains upon mountains, peaks upon peaks, rising upwards into the blue.’ The swiftly-moving clouds of a NW. wind impart a wonderful beauty to the hills as their shadows drift over the slopes: usually they come after a day of rain, when the atmosphere has been washed

to a translucent clearness, and the rocks and ridges stand out in sharp detail. Clouds in a wind are glorious refractors of sunlight, and at sunset lend a gorgeous pomp and splendour to the train of departing day. Clouds and mists, however, are uncomfortable neighbours, and are better seen from a distance. A sense of desolation chills the soul when caught by their sudden swoop upon the hills: and they bring perils of their own. But they also bring visions—as readers of the *Excursion* will recall—of unimaginable objects formed from ‘the dark materials of the storm,’ of lucid interspaces and radiant glimpses of ‘valley, steeps, and summits’—effects in a word never seen from below. A thunderstorm in the hills is a stupendous experience—more feared by superstitious Swiss guides than by ourselves, inured to the fiercer convulsions of nature. A tempest of the mountains is indeed in the great heights of the Alps an experience to be dreaded, as it so often means destruction: but on the lower hills of the Lake district, if one is not caught by darkness, ‘what a joy to roam an equal among mightiest energies’! Surely this is the kind of liberty which is fitly expressed by Wordsworth as ‘divine.’ From the mountain mists arise the fantastic phenomena of the Brocken-spectres. Every one remembers Whymper’s account of the fog-bow which shaped itself into the three crosses over the Lyskamm—a vision which startled his two companions to superstitious panic as they descended the Matterhorn after the great tragedy. A Lake-country observer, Mr. A. W. Rumney, tells how he has seen the Brocken-spectre from Skiddaw—a vast reflection of the human figure formed by the sun acting on a bank or background of mist. It would be interesting to know if others have had the same experience.

The subject we have attempted to discuss is inexhaustible. Mountain beauty is but a fragment of the infinite of beauty to which the imagination and soul of man has access.

R. MARTIN POPE.

SOPHIA JEX-BLAKE

The Life of Sophia Jex-Blake. By MARGARET TODD, M.D.
(Graham Travers.) Macmillan & Co. 7s. net.

THIS is a memorable story, and it is well told. Dr. Todd, in her compact preface, mentions several reasons why a Life was called for. Sophia Jex-Blake was one of those who really do live. A highly-dowered girl, she launched out on an uncharted sea. 'She had to find herself, to find her way, to find her work.' Of that quest she left an ample record. Fiction sets itself to idealize such a story. Here it has been committed to contemporary documents. 'The story begins in an old-world conservative medium, and passes through the life of the modern educated working girl into the history of a great movement, of which the chronicler was indeed *magna pars*. As years passed her motto became more and more emphatically, "Not me, but us," till one is tempted to say that she *was* the movement, that she stood, as it were, for women.' But though this was her providential rôle, she never became one-sided. No woman, her friend says, ever took a saner and wider view of human affairs.

She was born at Hastings on January 21, 1840. Her father, a proctor of Doctors' Commons, belonged to an old Norfolk family which settled at Bunwell in 1620. In 1689 Thomas Blake, of Scotland, married Elizabeth Jex, of Lowestoft, and in 1837 one of their descendants, who inherited the chief part of the Jex property, was allowed by royal licence to prefix that name to his surname, Blake.

When Sophia was born her brother, the future head master of Rugby, and Dean of Wells, was eight years old, and her sister Caroline was six. The baby was hailed as a

little queen. 'She was vital to the finger-tips, a thoroughly wholesome little animal, with a pair of great luminous eyes, too mature for a baby, though they retained the child-look for threescore years and ten.' 'No one,' she used to say, 'ever had a happier childhood than I.' Her parents were the fine flower of old Evangelical Anglicanism. They were wealthy, but self-denying and generous. Neighbours said, 'The Jex-Blake's carriage was as fine as any in the place, but *there was always a poor person in it.*' The home life was modelled on strict lines. 'Dancing and theatre-going were wrong; novels were mainly trash; *Punch* was vulgar. Christ's Kingdom was the one thing worth considering—Christ's Kingdom as represented by the popular preachers of the day. "The mission field" was the great object of enthusiasm.'

The strong-willed and gifted child did not easily adjust herself to this environment. Her audacity and wilfulness caused no little anxiety. 'She was simply overflowing with energy and vitality,' and her parents 'found themselves, while she was little more than a child, confronted with a personality which ran right athwart their preconceived notions and theories of life.' When she was sent to school, the chief effort of her teachers was to turn this boisterous little being into a lady. Her mother gave her the tenderest counsels, 'Be much in prayer, my sweet one, for grace to be obedient and gentle.' What she needed, as Dr. Todd points out, was more scope, more physical exercise, more fresh air; but the girls' schools of that day did not include such things in their programme. She was often riotous and excitable. Once when out walking with the other scholars 'she caught sight of her father, and, without a moment's hesitation, deserted the ranks, and took a flying leap on to his back!' Yet, despite her wildness, the child was under deep religious impressions. The little set of personal questions and answers which she sent to her father when she was eleven, lead Dr. Todd to ask, 'Is there a single word in

the whole confession that the most devoted parent would have wished different ?'

A few weeks later came the holidays. Her mother was an invalid at the time, and Sophy got on her nerves. When she returned to school Mrs. Jex-Blake wrote her a severe letter : ' More sad and foolish behaviour than yours it is difficult to imagine. You behaved so ill that I doubt if I could have borne it another day without being laid on a bed of sickness, and I might never have recovered. Your ever being with us again for three weeks at a time is *quite out of the question* till you have the good sense to understand (as other children of your age do) that to be happy and comfortable and to enable me in my weak state to have you at all, you must be *good*.' The mother adds, ' When you have read this letter, I *wish* you to tear it up.' But Sophy did not tear it up. She was ill in bed when it came, but she could not bear to destroy it, and it and a later note accepting her apologies were fastened together with a piece of red wool. A Sunday-school ticket bearing the words : ' Children, obey your parents in the Lord ; for this is right,' was put with them.

Dr. Todd says, ' From the best of motives her parents refused for her the outlet for the "excitability" they constantly deprecated ; in other words, they simply sat on the safety valve.' Her brother won laurels in athletics as well as in scholarship, but when Sophy wanted to have riding lessons her father told her, ' You are so very excitable, and have at present so lamentably little self-command that I should fear riding for you very much.' The affection which her parents felt for her was returned with an intensity of which few children were capable, but the repression was unwise and unfortunate.

She left school in December, 1857, and after a few months at home was allowed to enter as a student at the newly-opened Queen's College, London. Her father was reluctant to give consent. Her diary says, ' Tried to speak to daddy

last night. He was very impracticable; I after a while very undutiful. At last I went into hysterics, which frightened him dreadfully, poor old man. I shall certainly go, I think.' By October 5, 1858, she was settled there 'as happy as a queen. Work and independence! What can be more charming? Really perfection, so delicious is the present, what will it be to look back upon?' She gained good reports in all her classes, was popular with her fellow students, and in two months after her entrance was asked to become mathematical tutor. Her father rejoiced in the honour, but was resolute that she should not be paid. 'That would lower you sadly in the eyes of almost everybody.' His daughter made a powerful reply, but she yielded 'for the term only.' She led a crowded life. 'I take eight classes—English Literature, English History, Mental and Moral Philosophy, Theology, Church History, Algebra, Geometry, and German Conversation; and have seven pupils. I am afraid it is too much altogether.' She also taught book-keeping gratuitously in connexion with the Society for the Employment of Women, and had a class of children at Great Ormond Street. She spared no pains to help all about her. Her mother wrote, 'You must be very thankful to be a medium of helping so many; a great honour, I consider it, pleasure without alloy.' Octavia Hill gave her her first lessons in book-keeping, and a close friendship sprang up between these noble-hearted girls. It brightened both lives. Miss Hill visited Brighton, where the Jex-Blakes were now living. The friends made arrangements to live together at 14 Nottingham Place, but Miss Hill found 'the strain of dividing herself—so to speak—between her family, her comrade, and her work.' There was a separation which sorely hurt Miss Jex-Blake, though to the end of her days Octavia Hill was to her a pure ideal—such as Arthur Hallam was to Tennyson.

Miss Jex-Blake now spent some happy months of study in Edinburgh. Miss Garrett, afterwards Dr. Garrett Ander-

son, stayed a fortnight with her to see whether she might find an opening for medical training. They visited great ladies and important citizens, some of whom wondered that Miss Jex-Blake, who was tall and high-spirited, with great, flashing, dark eyes, was not the applicant instead of Miss Garrett, who 'was small and almost pretty, and fair.' Miss Jex-Blake was at this time resolved to be a teacher. She wanted to study female education in France and Germany, and at last conquered her father's reluctance. She had told her mother, 'I see "my Father's business" clearly before me,—help me, mother, wholly to consecrate my life as I would wish to it.' She had no fears: 'When one feels completely how each of us is a link in God's great chain,—how individual life and care sink out of sight, as hardly worth notice! How one feels the whole object and end of life to be that God's will should be done in us and by us in life and death!'

She first went to Göttingen, but soon became a teacher without salary in the Grand Ducal Institute at Mannheim. The teachers belonged to various faiths, but all lived together in perfect charity. At night they knelt together, and had 'a fine loving German hymn and a text for us all.' One night the Roman Catholic Principal gave the verse: 'There is but one Name given under heaven among men whereby we may be saved'—Romanists and Protestants received it kneeling. Miss Jex-Blake's diary reveals her devout feeling: 'Living to God,'—'how that blends and binds all life!' A long letter to her mother describes her feeling as to the Bible. She saw the folly of attempting to arrest honest investigation, or of fancying that 'any result arrived at could touch the real standing and authority of the Bible.' Her own judgement was that if she had never heard of it and picked it off a dunghill '*those* words and truths would just as irresistibly transfix and "*find*" me as a two-edged sword.' She was unpopular for a time, and had difficulty in keeping her class in order. Then the tide turned, and

she became popular, a change which she attributed in part to a ravishing gown which she wore at the school carnival ball. She had worn it as a bridesmaid in England.

But the work was too severe, and she found it necessary to return to England in May, 1863. There was a proposal that she should establish a High School for Girls in Stretford, Manchester; but the scheme fell through, and in May, 1865, she sailed for Boston to study the school system of the United States. She met with much kindness and hospitality. Emerson invited her to dinner. She thought he had one of the sweetest expressions she had ever seen on a man's mouth. She paid a visit to friends who lived near the White Mountains. 'You plunge into a vast forest, miles and miles every way,—lucky if you can find a path at all, else guiding yourself by sun and stream, and taking hours and hours to get a mile or two,—yet all through so grand, so green, and so delicious. Every few minutes we found some great tree fallen across our path, or some black log of decayed cedar or pine,—oh, the scents of those!—perfectly delicious;—and then round we had to go, creeping, jumping, or gliding round the obstruction. Then we would come to some little clearing, and catch such views of the mountains we were shut in with—then on again, and hardly see daylight through the dense trees. And such mosses, such ferns, such berries!' Niagara surpassed all she had dreamed. She had seen much beauty and grandeur in Great Britain, Italy, and Switzerland, but 'never anything so wonderfully, bewitchingly, grandly beautiful as this.'

She duly studied the schools and colleges, but her life-work was not to lie along those lines. At Boston she formed an intimate friendship with Dr. Lucy Sewall, resident physician to the New England Hospital for women and children. She was twenty-eight, and showed Miss Jex-Blake the utmost kindness. She soon enlisted her help in the dispensary. Every day the English girl entered more and more into the life of the place. She tells her

mother, 'I find myself getting desperately in love with medicine as a science and as an art, to an extent I could not have believed possible.' She went round the wards with the doctors, made up the drugs, and gave mechanical aid in operations. She was becoming convinced of 'the enormous advantage of women doctors. They say that they have cases again and again of long-standing diseases which the women have borne rather than go to a man with their troubles,—and I don't wonder at it.' For some time she conducted a Sunday service in the hospital. She had many gifts as a speaker, and could make large companies hear 'without seeming to raise her voice; it remained full, mellow, easy, perfectly controlled, just as when she sat at the head of her own dinner-table.'

She returned to England in June, 1866, to consult her friends about her future. In September she sailed again for Boston, and took up her work in the Women's Hospital. She was busy with her book, *A Visit to some American Schools and Colleges*, but when it was sent to Macmillan's she was able to concentrate on her work as a medical student. Dissecting gave this work 'new interest and fascination.' An attempt to gain an entrance to the Medical School at Harvard was unsuccessful, but she was able to secure private lessons in New York, and before she returned to England in 1868 wrote that she had fully regained health, and that 'a profession was opening calmly and clearly before her,' 'its sciences, already "as trees walking," becoming clearer daily.' Dr. Lucy Sewall paid a visit during the summer to England, where her sweetness and grace won all hearts. Mr. Jex-Blake gave her a carriage as a memento of the visit. His daughter returned to New York and entered as a student at the Medical School which Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell and her sister had opened there. Then came news that her father was dying, and she started home in haste to find that he had passed away ten days before the letter announcing his illness had reached her.

It was impossible to leave her mother, but Dr. Sewall wrote: 'If you don't come back to America you won't give up the work. You will open the profession to women in England.' That was henceforth her vocation. She wrote an essay on 'Medicine as a profession for women,' which was published in a volume on *Women's Work and Women's Culture*. Meanwhile she was trying to discover some school of medicine where women might be admitted as students. In March, 1869, she found her way to Edinburgh. David Masson, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature, was her champion from the first, and Mr. Alexander Russel lent her the powerful aid of the *Scotsman*. She interviewed professors and won the consent of the Senatus of the Academy that she might attend the summer classes. The University Court recalled that resolution. But she obtained permission for the matriculation of women as medical students on condition that separate classes should be formed. Miss Jex-Blake offered on behalf of herself and her fellow-students to guarantee whatever minimum fee the faculty might fix as a remuneration for these separate classes. The Senate heartily approved, and the University Court formally acceded to the petition on July 23. The first British University was thus opened to women.

Miss Jex-Blake and Miss Pechey took a house, 15 Buccleugh Place, which became a centre of attraction. Miss Jex-Blake was not always easy to live with, but her humour and fun were always ready to bubble over into whole-hearted laughter. Her friend was clever, and was also excellent company. When the chemistry examination was held she stood at the head of the first year's students, but was not awarded the Hope Scholarship, on the ground that she had studied at a different hour, and was not a member of the chemistry class. She was nevertheless granted the official bronze medal of the University, to which she could only lay claim as a member of that class. The refusal of the scholarship roused a storm throughout the

country. The women had, however, to bear that wrong. Their course was one of 'wriggling on.' They needed courage as well as patience. There was an ugly riot at Surgeons' Hall in November, when a mob of students tried to bar the entrance of the women to their class-room. Miss Jex-Blake and her companions 'simply failed to see the students, who half-heartedly stood in her way, and walked through them.' The object was to frighten them away, but it utterly failed, and a storm of indignation swept over the land. Miss Jex-Blake wrote, 'Well!—we are about in the deepest waters now,—that's one comfort.'

The Senate wished to refuse permission to the seven women, who had studied for two years, to sit for the first professional examination, but gave way under threat of legal proceedings, and they were duly examined. All passed, but Miss Jex-Blake herself was not one of them. Her strength and time had been too severely taxed as the champion of the cause. An action was now brought against the Senate for failing to allow the female students to proceed to degrees. Lord Gifford gave a great and inspiring judgement in their favour. An appeal was made to the Inner Court, where seven judges were in favour of the Senate and four in favour of the women students. The ground taken was that the University had done an illegal thing in 1869 in admitting women to the University at all, and that the authorities were, therefore, excused from all responsibility to them. The women had to pay all costs of the appeal. That brought the long fight to an end.

Mrs. Garrett Anderson wrote to the *Times*, urging that women could best serve the cause by taking medical degrees in Paris, and coming back to practise. But Miss Jex-Blake looked on this as surrender, and made a powerful reply. A Bill was brought into Parliament empowering Universities to educate and graduate women on the same terms as men, but the Bill was lost in 1875 by 196 votes to 153.

Miss Jex-Blake failed in her professional examination

in Edinburgh, for which she was really far too much exhausted to sit. When all other doors were closed she, Miss Pechey, and Miss Clark went to Berne, where they passed their examinations and gained their M.D. diplomas. In 1877 they were able to get on the register of doctors qualified to practise 'through the newly-opened portals of the Irish College.'

The London School of Medicine for Women had already been opened, and this was followed by the Royal Free Hospital, which has done so much to train lady doctors. Miss Jex-Blake expected to be appointed honorary secretary, but when Mrs. Thorne was chosen for that post she set up in practice in Edinburgh. Dr. Todd thinks that she ought to have settled in London, which would have supplied her with a large practice. She might have become, with adequate training, 'a great gynaecological surgeon, for she had great calmness and presence of mind in an emergency, and her hands, though full of character, were small and deft. Dr. Sewall always regretted the waste of her potentiality in this respect.' She started a small dispensary in Edinburgh, and gained many patients. Her mother's death in 1881, and that of a gifted assistant, led her to give up her practice for a time; then she resumed it in a new quarter of Edinburgh. Her work steadily grew. 'As the first woman doctor in Scotland, she had, as she had told Sir Thomas Barlow, numerous cases that had long gone untreated, and she was the recipient of many a pent-up confidence. The Edinburgh that criticized her would have been surprised if it had known some of the secrets that lay so safely in her keeping.' Sometimes she took in a resident patient for whom she received high fees, but she had also resident patients who paid no fees at all. She was at her best in her dispensary, where her vitality, sympathy, humour, and common sense made her patients devoted to her. She never lost a case without making it a definite personal struggle. One day she sent for news to her little hospital about a surgical case. 'Just sinking,' was the reply. The

consulting doctors had been there, and had given her up. 'We have ceased to worry her with food.' Miss Jex-Blake sent for her brougham, and within half an hour was giving beef-tea with her own hand. She won her patient, and sent her back cured to her husband and children. She kept closely in touch with all matters connected with the education of medical women, and opened an Edinburgh School of Medicine for Women which led to much fine work. In October, 1894, all her past trials were crowned with triumph, when the University Court of Edinburgh resolved to admit women forthwith to graduation in medicine.

In 1899 she retired to Windydene, near Mark Cross, in Sussex. Her friends paid her a memorable farewell in Edinburgh, where she had won the great battle for women doctors. Then she passed to her dearly-loved native county to busy herself with her garden and dairy, and enjoy her well-earned rest at Windydene. Her one extravagance was journals and books. New shelves had to be put up every year. 'She keenly enjoyed detective stories, especially for reading in the watches of the night. She had stored her memory with the finest passages of Isaiah and the Psalms, with poems by Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, Whittier, and others. She had begun to commit them to memory as a child in Brighton, and was always adding to her store even in her strenuous public life. Her recitations among friends gathered in her doctor's study helped to make up many 'incomparable evenings.' It was said that if she had been shipwrecked on a desert island she could have provided a priceless library from memory alone. She retained her interest in the polemics of religion, and formed a happy friendship with her neighbour, Father Duggan, whose *Steps to Reunion* had been put on the *Index Expurgatorius*. She met Frederic Myers at Carqueiranne, in Provence, and read his *Human Personality and its Survival after Death*. 'No human being,' she once said, 'could strive to come into touch with one gone before more earnestly than

I tried to come into touch with my mother. I used to lie awake at night concentrating every faculty on the effort. But I got no response.' She 'was always profoundly interested in any genuine profession of faith, any real conversion or perversion.' She told an old school friend, 'In theology, you would I suppose, rank me among the Agnostics, as I feel very strongly how little we *know* on such subjects, and that the truly scientific aspect of mind is one of suspension of judgement; but I have no sympathy at all with C.'s attacks on Christianity and the alleged motives of its advocates, and still less with her estimate of the character of Christ.' Her appreciation of the Bible had always been great, but it increased in her last days. She always appropriated to herself the prayer of Agur, and said more than once after quoting Isa. lvii. 15 that she was not sure it was not the finest thing in the whole Bible.

She died on January 7, 1912, and was laid to rest in Rotherfield churchyard. The *Pall Mall Gazette* aptly described her as 'the woman as happy warrior.' She fought a good fight, and though she had some of the blemishes of an impetuous temper, she was full of practical kindness. Her great conflict ended in a memorable victory. One of the physicians who stood by her in her early struggle paid her a noble tribute: 'Miss Jex-Blake fights the battle, not for herself, but for all.' Miss Pechey said she 'got all the abuse because she had done all the work.' The happy intercourse with Miss Octavia Hill, which had meant so much in earlier days, was never renewed. In 1910 Miss Jex-Blake invited her to spend a few days at Windydene to thrash out the suffrage question, on which they took different sides. 'And I should like to see you again!' Miss Hill could not go. Mrs. Jex-Blake had said years before—'God has two great works,—one for her, one for you.' They were both faithful to their vocation and enriched the lives of others by a noble example, and by opening paths of honourable service for women which the world can never afford to have closed again.

JOHN TELFORD.

Notes and Discussions

THE PLACE OF CHURCH HISTORY IN THEOLOGICAL EDUCATION

CHURCH History can hardly, as yet, be said to have occupied the position in the curriculum laid down for theological students to which its intrinsic interest and its relevance to present needs entitle it. To a very considerable extent the study of general history in this country has suffered the same neglect alike in school and university. It is only within very recent years, for instance, that it has become possible to take the M.A. degree of London University in this subject, and this is by no means a solitary example. But even before the outbreak of the Great War there were unmistakable signs that this most important branch of learning was coming into its own. The war has made it more clear than ever before that the past, so far from being a closed book, into which it boots not any but the curious to look, has a vital bearing upon present problems and conditions, and that an intelligent acquaintance with it will not only provide a valuable equipment to the statesman in his conduct of high matters of policy, but will contribute an element of reasonableness and practical good sense to the rank and file of the nations who, in ever growing numbers, are being called upon to exercise the rights of citizenship. The successes and the failures of the years that are gone, if the causes of such success or failure are clearly grasped, may afford guidance of infinite value to men and women grappling with the vexed questions of to-day.

In this readjustment of the position of history as a school subject Church History must inevitably share. With the democratization of the Church it is more than ever important that its past history should no longer remain a sealed book to the overwhelming majority of Church members. But if the seals are to be broken it must, generally speaking, be by those who hold the pastoral office, and if this is to be done to purpose the teaching of Church History must necessarily occupy a more conspicuous position than heretofore in the curriculum of theological colleges. So far as our own Church is concerned this would appear to demand that, during the period of reconstruction, which the proceedings at the late Conference showed to be near at hand, if at all possible in two at least of our colleges a tutor should be appointed whose first duty would be to give instruction in this too long neglected subject. That the whole time of a tutor might very profitably be occupied with the teaching of this and certain other subjects more or less relevant thereto, it is the purpose of the present paper to show.

At the very outset it ought to be clearly recognized that the

object of the establishment of such a chair is not merely to furnish students with a certain number of facts, and names, and dates, important as these may in themselves be when judiciously selected. It may be indeed be accepted as an axiom that not a few of these will be forgotten even by students of retentive memory who are genuinely interested in the subject. It is not so much what the student actually learns as what he is put in the way of doing for himself when college days are over that matters most. The formation of habits of study, grasp of methods, acquirement of historical judgement, power to discriminate where authorities differ, and to appraise them at their true value—these are some of the really important things.

It perhaps is scarcely needful to add that in addition to meeting the needs of the general student, the course of study pursued at college should also aim at providing in the case of such students as display any marked aptitude for historical investigation such instruction and guidance as will set their feet firmly in the pathway of research, and will inspire and encourage them to pursue it.

No hard-and-fast line between general history and Church History can or ought to be drawn. It is, for instance, impossible to obtain any real grasp of the history of the Protestant Reformation in Germany apart from some knowledge of contemporary political conditions. In other words, that epoch-making period of Church History can only be adequately understood by one who has a fair working knowledge of the general history of the time. This is only one example out of many which might be given.

The foregoing considerations render it eminently desirable that, so far as practicable, some time should be allotted to the study of general European history, the political and social environment by which the life and institutions of the Church were conditioned in the course of their historic development. This could perhaps only be done in outline, and might not unsuitably form part of a first year's course. Side by side with this, the history of the Christian Church might also be studied in broad outline, leaving aside all detail of less than first-rate importance. The latter should, as far as possible, be thoroughly mastered, and its main periods and turning-points firmly fixed in the mind to serve as a framework upon which the results of later and more detailed study might be built up into a harmonious and consistent whole.

In order to gain some idea of what history really is, and to glean some very practical hints as to suitable methods of study, together with the twin courses described in the preceding paragraph, the student might profitably work through some such book as Bishop Collins' *Study of Ecclesiastical History*. This little volume will be found eminently suggestive and helpful, and, expounded by a strong teacher—who might, however, take as an alternative a course of lectures of his own—should do not a little to put the beginner in the way of studying history to the best advantage. I say this from personal experience, for the general method described in Bishop Collins' little volume

I had already had to find out for myself before it came into my hands, and should have greatly benefited had it been available for me at an earlier stage.

During the second year some approach to specialization might be made by giving attention to the development of English Church life. As in the earlier course, general history and Church History could again be studied side by side, with perhaps especial reference to the eighteenth century and Methodist origins. Some students at least might also with great advantage take up such a work as Swete's *Patristic Study*, in order to acquire some general knowledge of the writings of the Fathers of the Church, a *sine qua non* it need perhaps hardly be said for all who have any idea of specializing even to a limited extent in Church History.

A foundation in general and English Church History having thus been laid, during the remainder of the college course more detailed study might be given to the history of selected institutions, such for example as the Papacy or Monasticism, or to some special periods or movements—the Arian controversy, the War of Investitures, the Crusades, the Reformation, the Evangelical Revival, the History of Christian Missions being some only of the topics which immediately occur to mind. More advanced students might with advantage make a first-hand acquaintance with early Christian literature by reading, preferably in the original, such a work as the brilliantly interesting Ninth Book of Hippolytus' *Reputation*, Augustine's *City of God*, or the *Tome* of Leo, one of the most famous letters ever written. This portion of the syllabus would in practice be to a certain extent conditioned by the requirements of candidates for public examinations. It might also be possible to include economic history, which should be studied as far as might be from the standpoint of a Christian minister. The foregoing suggestions do not profess to be more than tentative. The actual framing of the course of study to be pursued would be very largely at the discretion of the appointed tutor in consultation with his colleagues.

An illustration of the way in which the past can sometimes throw light upon current affairs may be permitted. The story of the defeat of the Great Armada of Spain is familiar enough to the veriest school boy, but the real significance of its failure is not so generally appreciated. The Armada was not, as people are apt to assume, a naval enterprise; it was essentially a military expedition despatched oversea by a nation which did not possess undisputed command of the sea; hence its failure. Spain in fact 'sent a strictly military expedition over an uncommanded sea' with results which are familiar to all. 'An appreciation of the extreme improbability of the Germans courting a similar disaster might even have enabled sufficient reinforcements to be sent to France to prevent the German victory at St. Quentin,'¹ and the many anxieties and inconveniences which have followed therefrom.

¹ cf. *History*, July, 1918, pp. 83, 103.

In Church life also we have our problems. Doctrinal controversy is not yet a thing of the past ; difference of opinion with reference to points of organization and policy are unhappily not yet out of date ; matters such as federation or reunion are encumbered with problems which are far from easy of solution, and present themselves as bright ideals the realization of which is by no means free from difficulty. These harassing questions, which seriously detract from the effectiveness of modern Church enterprise and impair its influence among these outside, are by no means new ; for almost every one of them has been, successfully or otherwise, confronted by the Church in the years that are gone. From the varying methods adopted to grapple with them in the past, and in the light of the results actually achieved, the modern Churchman may gather much in the way of suggestion and encouragement, or may learn a lesson of caution which will serve him well in his present need.

Such knowledge, it is true, will not by itself accomplish all that is required, but, other things being equal, it will contribute to make the Churchmanship of the next age more wise and more strong, more prudent and more sane, more tolerant and more tender, more efficient and more successful than the Churchmanship of the past has sometimes proved itself to be.

W. ERNEST BEET.

THE TWO DISPENSATIONS

EACH fresh period is the product of some great dominant event or thought, and these are practically the same—for a new and true thought is an event. The substance of either always proves identical. We have now for nearly 2,000 years been enjoying the vision of the fruits of God made Man. Everything previous to the now passing age which was inaugurated as with a budding-point when God was taken into Man—*et Verbum caro factum est, et habitavit in nobis*—to the careful student reveals a regular *Praeparatio evangelica*, and points to the Coming of Christ and to the Triumph of the Cross. A thousand lines converge to this epoch in the evolution of the human race. Those that have eyes to see and imagination to understand, may discern at all the cosmical crises something like the symbol of a Cross set up along the road of Progress, at the parting of the ways, as so many sign-posts directed to Calvary. We have first then God taken into Man, by an infinite Kenosis. This was the foremost budding-point. But now a second budding-point is beginning, when man will be taken into God. First *Deus Homo*, and next *Homo Deus* or the apotheosis of Humanity, when all who love and know and serve Christ will at last break for ever from the bondage and burden of the flesh, and be delivered from the temptation and tyranny of the world, to reign and rest in work with Him through wider ministries of Love. The message of the missionary and the sub-missionary can be but one, the Coming King, the Reign of Heaven, the Rule of God, the New Theocracy. It is the curse of Militarism, at its diabolical worst in Germany, that

forbids an immediate incarnation of the Christ Conception. This bars the gate of Paradise against a fresh Affirmation, with a damned and damning and damnable Negation. The man with the sword or the rifle follows the man with the olive branch of the cross, to frustrate or undo all his divine work. Too often, alas, this looks like Penelope's web perpetually destroyed and perpetually renewed, though ever with some slight advance as a forlorn hope or desperate outpost pushes on after another into the thick darkness and pushes back the hosts of Evil. Yet the Everlasting Nay is but the shadow that attends the Everlasting Yea. It may hinder but it cannot stop the forward march. 'For all the promises of God in Him are Yea and in Him Amen unto the glory of God by us.' Negations in themselves are unfruitful, they imply something positive and productive, they bear fatal witness against themselves, they commit suicide in the end—as evil always does. Affirmation is a heavenly instinct, and when it carries behind it as now a wave of cosmic thought, it means a declaration of God that the issue lies in His hands and He over-rules and disposes all. The Millennium, even if it cannot be taken literally, testifies to an universal tendency. It was for a very long time the ardent expectation of saintly souls in myriads. It must have meant something, it must have meant a great deal. As, before our Lord's First Coming, there was all over the world a general feeling and foretaste of that vast event with its stupendous consequences, so since His Crucifixion there has been a vague prevision of some new and marvellous Deliverance, when the Reign (rather than the Kingdom) of God would be established on earth and the boundaries between heaven and earth would be utterly abolished. The epoch, the event, really rests with us, with our preparation and conduct. Assuredly, if we live the life, if we seek and put first the Kingdom of God and His Righteousness, it cannot delay. *Expectata dies aderit*. The power of thought and prayer, of good desires, of earnest and ardent anticipation may not be measured. It is an incalculable force, a spiritual dynamic, to which the Omnipotent Himself submits because He puts it into the heart. If, as it is unquestionable, holy meditation on the Wounds of Jesus can reproduce in devout women the very stigmata of our Lord, we need not doubt that prolonged and patient and world-wide supplication for a new departure and deliverance will be productive of some rich revelation, and will throw down the barriers (not merely material but spiritual) which divide us from our inheritance on high.

It seems doubtful if any physical development or transformation is possible for man's body, though as this process involves enormous tracts of time we should hardly notice it, yet a moral revolution, a spiritual redemption, is quite possible and probable. The best ethics and the best religions do not agree. Indeed, they never have, but there appears to be no reason why they should not. A moral man may be noticeably a non-religious man. And we often discover in the character and conduct of religious people, even the most religious, a low and mean and contradictory standard of

morality. There is no kind of equation between the two principles or diatheses. Such a divorce, such an antipathy or contrariety, should be impossible. There is then ample room for indefinite, if not infinite improvement in our spiritual relations. The moral and religious sides of our nature must be conformed to each other. For the present they are at daggers drawn—*digladiantur*. When a man, almost aggressively pious, permits himself to be degraded by some dirty piece of chicanery, what are we to think of him? That his truculent goodness is but a show or a sham? By no means. The mediæval saints sometimes were grossly immoral, but there can be no suspicion as to the intense sincerity of their worship. They never troubled about consistency, nor indeed had any idea that the faith and the practice were irreconcilable. They loved and served God with the whole heart, while they hated and robbed and murdered their neighbours in the same way. It never occurred to them that their profound beliefs militated against their conduct, and their outrageous conduct militated against their beliefs. It never occurred to them that there should be some harmony or working agreement between the two. Even now we find the same flaw, the same fatal discrepancy in the creeds of savages. They hold views which absolutely oppose and negate each other. Missionaries have again and again pointed this out and made it plain. Of course consistency, when we have outgrown early and simple conditions and modes of thought, must be a curse instead of a blessing. But this does not apply to the interaction of morality and religion. The one must never lag behind the other, or suffer at the hands of the other. The enrichment of this should not mean the impoverishment of that. Each is naturally jealous of its own claims and position. Moral men often see no necessity for any sort of religion, they hardly recognise its existence or its rights, and have but a bowing acquaintance with it. If they nominally belong to a particular church, they only support it like flying buttresses from outside, and not from inside like pillars that uplift the whole superstructure. On the other hand, there are so-called religious people who, so long as they say certain prayers regularly and pronounce certain formulæ consecrated by use and custom, think that this raises them up above and beyond the sphere of ethics, that they are quite independent of the ordinary restraints or sanctions, they can dispense with obstacles as inconvenient as the Decalogue. They cheat and lie, they slander and backbite and confess their neighbours' sins cheerfully, but never their own by any chance. They are not humbugs and hypocrites in their own eyes. In their religious exercises they glow with enthusiasm, but they keep these in water-tight compartments severely separate from the rest of their life, away from all practical interests, and do not dream of allowing morality to disturb them by its unseasonable entrance. They have no idea that the two worlds demand a mutual interpenetration, that they should reinforce and renew each other by an honourable agreement and co-operation. Our relations with man cannot supersede our

relations with God, and neither will be satisfactory until they stand forth as the two sides of one and the same service. If religion does not comprehend morality in its larger, its universal scope, the sooner we discard it the better.

We have seen now that there is room for a great amount of expansion and improvement in man's spiritual estate. He has in his nature immeasurable potentialities for good or evil, but we now consider the good. For the Divine spark in his spirit may be kindled into a Divine Splendour by the sanctification alike of soul and body. The real Saints of whom we read, whom occasionally we meet still, as in the late C. C. Cotterill, are exceptions no doubt at the present time, but there is no reason why they should remain exceptions. Every one is capable of the same elevation and apotheosis. Heaven lies within us, and if we draw upon its sources and resources, we shall not find them fail us when we really desire to grow in grace. Each tiniest pullulation of new life should be encouraged, and then the intermittent exception of rare happening will finally become the rule and the dominant factor. Here we cannot hope or expect too much, we cannot ask or dare too much. It is not presumption.

'Thou art coming to a King;
Large petitions with thee bring.'

Presumption now is reverence and gratitude. It is God's will to bestow upon us all that we may be filled with all the 'Fullness of God.' He and He alone is our lot and portion, and our inheritance—as we are His. Height calls to height, deep calls to deep. We have spiritually infinite natures, and we are offered nothing less than infinity. God wants us to participate in His prerogatives, to share with Him His Power and Glory. For His Word, the Bible, does not mock us with vain promises or false pretences. 'Hath He said and shall He not do it? Hath He spoken and shall He not make it good?' 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away.' Even now thinkers, by no means Christian, hold that our working consciousness is but a selection, perhaps but an infinitesimal portion of a vaster or more varied consciousness, at the very centre of things, which overflows on all sides in every fine direction, and may be virtually omniscient and omnipotent. There are no limits but those we make ourselves. Thought will not lightly accept bars and boundaries. As soon as one arises in the pathway of Progress, it is surmounted and overpassed. The insuperable difficulty or denial soon yields to the irresistible solution of thought, the greatest force we know. 'To think,' as Benedetto Croce tells us, 'is to discover.' To define an impasse is to destroy it. There is no *cul de sac* for the daring thinker who realizes and puts in practice the tremendous powers he possesses. And when thought is harnessed with faith and love, its two wings, Heaven is conquered, and we shall sit at last on God's Throne, as His co-assessors and co-regents. *Cogitatio facit coelum*. It is the breath of the Spirit, of the eternal, the effluence of the Divinity.

The present diabolical war, which has shaken the whole world, both civilized and uncivilized, and shattered so many illusions and will shatter so many more, which proves they were but the prelusions of higher things, must, unless it proves a failure that we know to be impossible, produce a complete reconstruction of everything, of religion and morality and, therefore, Society. Unless this does happen, millions of gallant lives will have died in vain—unless they live on, live again in the foundations of larger, fairer existences and institutions. Christ has been crucified once more, and has suffered worse than even in His First Crucifixion, and He is the eternal assurance of a new and nobler universe when men will enjoy the true Divine Vision and walk with God in a fresh Paradise. Yes, first *Deus Homo* and now *Homo Deus*. Man must be *aut Deus aut Diabolus*, and Germany has made deliberately the latter choice. Vague challenges, mysterious voices fall on our ears and on our hearts, the murmur of an approaching dissolution at the same time a resolution, winged words in the Press, burning phrases in constructive books, and least of all, alas! from the pulpit and the bishops who should guide but wait to be driven by public opinion, and even then falter and hang back. There is no escape from a fruitful cataclysm, a glorious catastrophe, that will link earth to heaven and change the destinies of the Cosmos. *Parturiunt montes, nascetur denique Christus*. He is the Heavenly Rose. 'Flowers of all kinds and without thorn the Rose.' *Floribus omnigenis, et inermi fronde rosarum*.

'And on the glimmering summit¹ far withdrawn
God made Himself an awful Rose of Dawn.'

F. W. ORDE WARD.

A MASTER BUILDER IN SCIENCE

THERE are some things in Sir W. A. Tilden's *Memorials of the Life and Work of Sir William Ramsay, K.C.B., F.R.S.* (Macmillan & Co. 10s. net), which appeal chiefly to experts, but every thoughtful reader will be quick to appreciate the skill and patience with which this great chemist carried out the experiments into the nature of the more obscure gases of the atmosphere and into the emanations of radium which have won him an abiding-place among the Master Builders of his own branch of science. He came of a scientist stock. His mother was the daughter of one of the leading physicians of Edinburgh; his forefathers on the paternal side were dyers for certainly seven generations. Sir William said, 'It may safely be concluded that I had the prospect of possessing chemical instincts by way of inheritance.' His uncle, Sir Andrew Ramsay, was Director-General of the Geological Survey and successor to Sir Roderick Murchison. His father was a man of scientific tastes and

¹ In most of Tennyson's Poems we find 'limit,' but I believe 'summit' is his last version.

culture. He did not marry till 1851, when he and Miss Robertson were both on the verge of forty. Much interest was excited among their kinsfolk as to how 'such an elderly pair would fit into each other's ways, but a happier couple never lived, and the birth of their little boy in 1852 was the crowning joy of their lives. Friendly curiosity was again aroused as to how the little boy would be brought up, but anxiety might have been spared, for in spite of their devotion the parents carefully refrained from spoiling their only child.' He went in due time to Glasgow Academy, and afterwards took the usual Arts course at the University. He had no liking for Latin or Greek, and was not much interested in the College curricula, but he was working in his bedroom on various chemical experiments, and there were a great many bottles always about, containing acids, salts, mercury, and so on. In the afternoon he used to go to the home of his friend, H. B. Fyfe, where they made oxygen and hydrogen and such compounds as oxalic acid from sugar. They bought flasks, retorts, crucibles, and spirit lamps as well as zinc filings and other material for making hydrogen, sulphuric and nitric acids, etc. Ramsay studied all the books on chemistry that he could find, and became expert in the making and use of mouth blow-pipes and Bunsen gas burners. The friends made nearly all their apparatus except flasks, retorts, and beakers.

In October, 1869, he entered Mr. Tatlock's laboratory. It was analytical work, both qualitative and quantitative. He was soon busy also in the future Lord Kelvin's laboratory, where his first task was to get the kinks out of a bundle of copper wire. This drudgery occupied him a week. He was then set to study the construction and use of a quadrant electrometer and 'to determine the potential differences between all sorts of surfaces charged or uncharged.' The professor was stimulating and inspiring, 'notwithstanding the eccentricities of his lectures, which were chiefly over the heads of his students, and the unusual methods of instruction in the laboratory.' Sir William always felt his indebtedness to the teaching and example of Lord Kelvin.

In 1871 he was at Tübingen, and was able to report: 'I had two explosions to-day.' His life was all work and no play, save for a pause on Thursday afternoons. In the autumn of 1872 he had gained his doctorate, and was appointed Assistant to the Young Professor of Technical Chemistry in Anderson's College, Glasgow. Two years later he became Tutorial Assistant to the Professor of Chemistry in Glasgow University. He held classes to amplify the lectures. There were about two hundred students, chiefly medical, who were divided into four groups and coached twice a week orally, and by weekly written exercises. For six years he did this heavy duty. He gave a few lectures on organic chemistry, and carried on some research in the laboratory. The cellars of the University laboratory contained a large collection of fractions of Dippel-Oil prepared by Prof. Thomas Anderson. Ferguson, his successor, was horrified when Ramsay wished to investigate what he himself

looked upon as museum specimens, but he yielded to his assistant's importunity. His study led to a substantial addition to our knowledge of the pyridine bases and their derivatives. And he published a paper on his discovery of a new mineral, bismuthous tessaral pyrites, and another on the action of heat on sodium ethylthiosulphate.

In the autumn of 1876 he and his friend Sir J. J. Dobbie began to investigate the quinine alkaloids. They broke down the oxidation with permanganate. Sir James says, 'We obtained pyridine carboic acids from quinine, cinchonine, quinidine and cinchonidine, and thus for the first time succeeded in establishing a connexion between these alkaloids and the pyridine bases.' They had no idea that such a relation existed, but Ramsay's experiments had fortunately made them familiar with the peculiar smell of pyridine. Had it not been for this the true nature of the acids they prepared would probably have remained long undetected. Ramsay's first important research in physical chemistry was on the volumes of liquids at their boiling points. He now found the value of the skill he had acquired at Tübingen as a glass-blower. He made many vain applications for chairs and lectureships, and was thinking of starting business as a chemical manufacturer with Mr. Pirrie when he was appointed to the Chair of Chemistry in University College, Bristol. He had already proved himself a rapid and industrious worker, who came quickly to conclusions and was bold almost to audacity in the things he attempted.

Bristol proved a congenial sphere. The professor delivered eight lectures a week save in the summer term, and had to learn the art of dyeing in order to give special instruction in that subject at Trowbridge. He was soon recognized as a 'true, strong man,' and was chosen Principal of the College in 1881, though he was still under thirty. This position was not favourable to research, yet in 1881 and 1882 he communicated five papers to the Chemical Society. When his assistant, Dr. Sydney Young, was appointed in 1882, he found his chief engaged in investigating the specific volumes of liquids at their boiling points, and the determination of the vapour pressures and critical constants of benzene and ether. Carnalley's discovery that ice when heated under very low pressure cannot be melted, was also investigated by the two chemists. Prof. Young had already studied the subject, and whilst at Strassburg University had taken lessons in glass-blowing. In Bristol, he says, 'it occurred to me that by altering the size of one bulb and fusing in a glass rod ending below in a knob about the centre of the smaller bulb, one might get a block of ice suspended in this bulb, and Carnalley's experiment might be much more easily carried out than by his rather cumbrous method.' The result was satisfactory, and he and Prof. Ramsay investigated the temperature of the ice by inserting a thermometer in each bulb. Each of these was 'passed through a tube of suitable size, a wired indiarubber tube serving to keep the thermometer in position and to make the cryophorus airtight. With this apparatus we were able to prove that the ice does not become

hot even when the temperature to which it is subjected is very high, and also that the temperature of the ice falls when the pressure is lowered by cooling the larger bulb by means of a freezing mixture. A fair estimate of the pressure was afforded by the temperature in the interior of the cooled bulb, knowing the vapour pressures of ice. A narrow side hole, provided with an indiarubber tube and a screw-clip was added, and through this air could be admitted so as to raise the pressure very slightly.'

These researches lay outside the regular work of a professor, but Ramsay saw how much higher instruction was dependent on research, and he combined both the genius and the energy adequate for the task.

In 1887 he took the Chair of Chemistry in University College, London. Its occupants had always been among the leaders of scientific progress. He was perpetually in his laboratory, and knew all about every student. In many cases he allowed them to enter on research work before they had secured the Bachelor degree, and this sometimes made them appear to disadvantage in the examination, but he was aiming at larger results than those shown by degree. He took an active part in the proposal for a Teaching University, London, where teachers would have a larger share in determining the place of each candidate. Ramsay was now investigating the gases of the atmosphere in connexion with Lord Rayleigh. Lord Rayleigh had found that 'the gas left when oxygen, water vapour, and carbon dioxide were completely removed from atmospheric air was appreciably heavier than nitrogen prepared from ammonia by passing a mixture of this gas with air or oxygen over a surface of heated copper.' Ramsay got to work on nitrogen, and soon felt that he was on the track of a new element. On January 31, 1895, the Royal Society listened with eager interest to the account given by Lord Rayleigh and Prof. Ramsay of the new gas argon. From the velocity of sound in the gas it was inferred that, like mercury, it consists of one atom. 'It refuses to enter into combination or to exhibit any chemical change, when heated to the highest temperatures in contact with the most active elements such as sodium, phosphorus, oxygen, or fluorine, and, therefore, differs from every previously known substance.' Great was the curiosity and excitement with which this discovery was followed by the scientific world. But it was not the end of wonders. Ramsay made experiments with clèveite, by boiling it in weak sulphuric acid, and found that the gas obtained from this mineral contained not only argon but a new gas. This he put into a vacuum tube so that he could see its spectrum and that of argon in the same spectroscope at the same time. He tells his wife, 'There is argon in the gas; but there was a magnificent yellow line, brilliantly bright, not coincident with but very close to the sodium yellow line. I was puzzled, but began to smell a rat. . . . Helium is the name given to a line in the solar spectrum, known to belong to an element, but that element has hitherto been unknown on the earth. It is quite over-

whelming and beats argon.' Helium was chemically inert like argon, and all attempts to liquefy it failed till 1908. Its boiling point is the lowest known, 4.5° absolute, or 268° to 269° below zero Centigrade. Radium next engaged Ramsay's attention. Sir William Tilden regards his research into the weight of the emanation evolved in a given time from a known weight of radium as one of the most wonderful experiments ever conducted. The gas that he had to weigh was a scarcely visible bubble, and a balance was needed that would turn with a load no greater than a thousandth part of a milligram. Every difficulty was triumphantly overcome, and the atomic weight of the emanation was fixed at 222.4. The emanation from radium he described as one of the most potent, if not the most potent chemical agent which exists in nature. 'One cubic centimetre contains, and can evolve, nearly three million times as much heat as an equal volume of a mixture of two volumes of hydrogen with one of oxygen. The spontaneous change which it undergoes, moreover, is accompanied by the emission of an immense number of corpuscles, expelled with a velocity approaching that of light in magnitude, and which have a remarkable influence on matter.' Sir Lauder Brunton, Ramsay's old school friend, first suggested the use of radium emanation as a possible curative agent in cases of cancer. That gave keener zest to Ramsay's endeavour to increase the limited quantity available for the use of the medical profession.

Sir William Ramsay was created K.C.B. in 1902, and retired from his professorship in 1912. He went to live at Hazlemere, two miles from High Wycombe. When war broke out he devoted himself to assist in the production of acetone, which was necessary for the preparation of cordite. We had previously been dependent on foreign supplies. He made strong representations to the Government as to the necessity of making cotton a contraband article. He also tried to rouse merchants to see that German trade methods must be met by combined defence in which America and France should unite with us. His own activities were almost at an end. He was in the surgeon's hands for the removal of a malignant tumour, and reports that he was irradiated for 24 hours with X-rays, as a precaution against recurrence. 'Luckily it is of the kind which can be stopped by radium. I have had a very bad time.' Those hopes were disappointed, and on July 23, 1916, he passed quietly away. He had what Sir W. Tilden calls the divine curiosity which impels the discoverer forward, and a long series of brilliant discoveries was his reward. His enthusiasm for scientific research left a deep impress on all associated with him. He had been brought up in a narrow Calvinistic school, and though he threw off its restraints in later days 'he continued all his life to conform to and value religious observances.' Such a career was a national benefit, and Sir William Tilden's thirty-five years' acquaintance with him has enabled him to tell the story in a way that will be warmly appreciated not only by old friends and students but by all who wish to step for a little time into the wonderland of Science.

JOHN TELFORD.

Recent Literature

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS

Faith and Freedom. (Macmillan & Co. 6s. net.)

Two years ago the little volume, *Faith or Fear*, was published under the editorship of the Rev. C. H. S. Matthews. It brought many requests for a more detailed exposition of the way in which a re-statement of the faith could be made. Hence this volume of 'Constructive Essays in the Application of Modernist Principles to the Doctrine of the Church.' Each of the seven contributors is responsible for his own work. In his Introductory Essay Mr. Matthews maintains that there is no cure for the evil of the world but a true knowledge of God. Men would 'rather have an honest attempt, however inadequate, to express a genuine experience of our own day, than the most eloquent exposition of the established orthodoxy by a man who shows no signs of having himself wrestled with God for the truth he has to proclaim.' The frankness of sincerity is demanded. 'The only hope for the Church lies in a genuine attempt to interpret the great articles of the Creed in the full light of evolutionary knowledge.' Mr. Fawkes writes on 'The Development of Christian Institutions and Beliefs.' His position is that the loyalty of the Christian is not to the traditions of men, but to the truth of Christ. Mr. Scott Palmer has the great subject of 'Creation and Providence.' We learn by trial and error that God is best. The Cross is the clue to providence in the social world of men. Mr. Matthews discusses the mode of the Incarnation with much frankness. His closing testimony to the light which that fact has brought into his own life is very impressive. Mr. Scott Palmer views the Atonement as an appeasing of wrath, not in God but in man. Partially and obscurely shown through all ages, it is manifest 'with surpassing clearness and surpassing power on that Mount of Calvary where Jesus died.' The section on 'The Holy Spirit' by Mr. Raven is full of stimulus. 'Even now fresh wine-skins are being made ready' for the new outpouring. Mr. Clutton-Brock's paper on 'The Church and Morality' is full of his special force and freshness. 'Religion has always been cramped by a fear of the treachery of God.' Mr. Anson writes on 'The Basis of Continuity,' and 'Practical Steps towards Reunion.' Miss Mercier writes on 'Youth and the Bible.' All the papers are broad-minded, and will be read with profit even by those who cannot accept every position taken by the writers.

Christian Liberty and other Sermons, 1916-1917. By H. Hensley Henson, D.D. (Macmillan & Co. 6s. net.)

Seventeen of the twenty-three sermons in this volume were preached in Durham Cathedral, two in the City Temple, and the others in Jesmond, Manchester, York, and Liverpool. The invitation to the City Temple, the Bishop of London's remonstrance, and Dr. Henson's reply, are given in an appendix. In his Preface the bishop says that the sixpenny pamphlet issued by the English Church Union has compelled him to review his published volumes. 'Much has been said crudely and hastily which I could wish had been said with larger caution and more deliberate care. Some things, perhaps, had better never have been said at all. But there is no publication of mine which I now wish to recall, none which, if read with intelligence and candour, and with fair allowance for time, place, purpose, and circumstance, does not seem to me now essentially honest and true. I am persuaded that, in spite of many and evident defects, my teaching has been sound and constructive in effect as it certainly was in design.' That is certainly true of the sermons in his latest volume. They deal with great subjects in a large and candid style. The six discourses on Christian Liberty delivered in Lent, 1916, are full of strong sense and discernment. The historic sermons in 1917 and 1918 at the Commemoration of Founders and Benefactors are inspiring surveys, and the two sermons delivered in the City Temple on Christian Progress and The Unchanging Factor in Christianity have a noble ring of conviction. The burden is that the strength of Christianity lies in Christ. 'National Intercession,' 'The Vision of the Invisible,' 'Failure of Lutheranism' and the sermons on the War are strong and timely. Dr. Henson's style is masculine, both in its force and in its restraint.

Conscience, Creeds, and Critics. By Cyril W. Emmet, M.A., B.D. (Macmillan & Co. 3s. net.)

The Vicar of West Hendred gives a useful survey of criticism and authority in the nineteenth century, with special reference to *Essays and Reviews*, *Lux Mundi*, and the position of such thinkers as Jowett, Colenso, Maurice, and others. He holds that it is wrong to meet criticism by authority instead of argument. Only those, he urges, forfeit their moral right to belong to the Church who do not believe in Jesus Christ as their Lord, and who reject Christianity as a whole. 'As concerns her ministers, certain claims will naturally be made on them with regard to the external performance of their duties, and their willingness to use her authorized services. But no man who can use them with an honest conscience in the sight of God, and can sincerely accept and preach the revelation of God through Christ, will be lightly debarred from the exercise of his ministry in a Church that is truly Catholic.' That is the writer's argument, but he finds himself in opposition to such thinkers as the Bishops of Winchester and Oxford.

A Study of St. John's Gospel. By G. H. Trench. (Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Trench accepts 'the tradition throughout the centuries' that John the Apostle was the writer of the fourth Gospel. 'Dogmatic theology is not in favour in England: but there is no escape from the whole body of it, once this Gospel is accepted.' He is convinced that the spirit of the Modernist school, whose home is Germany, is 'alien and hostile to the Faith of Christianity as originally delivered by Jesus Christ, and as expounded in the consciousness of the Catholic and Roman Church to-day.' John vi. 4, 'the Passover, the feast of the Jews, was nigh' is 'an interpolation from a false marginal gloss,' and a diary of the events in our Lord's ministry is put forward with confidence, which limits the ministry to less than two years. That table is a special feature of the book. The commentary is very full and helpful, but we are sorry to find Mary of Bethany identified with Mary Magdalene.

Christ's View of the Kingdom of God. By William Manson, B.A. (James Clarke & Co. 3s. net.)

Mr. Manson delivered the Bruce Lectures in 1914. Circumstances have delayed their appearance in print, and little now remains of the original lectures except the argument. Such a study in Jewish Apocalyptic and in the mind of Christ is of great interest, and will appeal to those for whom the Eschatological Question 'constitutes the gateway to all higher and fuller historical understanding' of the Gospels. The apocalyptic idea in Israel, and the relation in which the teaching of Jesus stands to it, are considered at length, and the conclusion is reached that our Lord's prediction of the Parousia was His reading of future history in the light of faith. He was conscious of being perfectly at one with God, and His vocation was to bring men to God and to the possession of the filial life and consciousness. His message was independent of the apocalyptic language in which it was delivered. Jewish Apocalyptic literature regards the fiat of the Almighty as the means by which the divine will is to be realized. It is based in despair of human history, and reduces human personality, faith, and effort almost to a nullity. The opposite view is the modern belief in evolutionary progress, which limits God to processes already manifest. Between these opposing views, sharing features of each, yet transcending both, is Christ's Gospel of the Kingdom of God. He shared with the Apocalyptic creed of His day the thought that salvation is due to divine intervention, but He related this intervention to the historical process. Unlike the Apocalypticist, Jesus despaired neither of nature nor of man. That is the gist of Mr. Manson's suggestive and timely study.

The Quintessence of Paulinism. By Arthur S. Peake, M.A., D.D. (Longmans & Co. 1s. net.) This is an elaboration of a lecture delivered at the John Rylands Library. Dr. Peake is not disposed

to rate the influence of contemporary Judaism on Paul's central doctrines so high as some scholars do, nor does he think that Greek influence affected the centre so much as the outlying regions of his theology. The secret of the spell which his theology has cast on such multitudes is to be found in the illumination which it has brought to their own spiritual history. It is a fresh and luminous study.—*The Septuagint Fallacy*. By the Rev. W. J. Phillips, M.A. (Robert Scott. 3s. 6d. net.) Mr. Phillips thinks that the Septuagint version has misled the critics. He argues that the reliability of the Massoretic text has been universally accepted until these latter days, and 'we know exactly what it is, which is a great deal more than can be said for the LXX.' He quotes the opinions of Origen and Jerome and of ancient Jewish writers, and reaches the conclusion 'that the LXX. cannot by any means bear the weight of the many inferences, deductions, and conclusions which have been unsparingly laid on it by the modern critics.' Dr. Swete himself admits its errors, but we think that Mr. Phillips in his zeal against destructive criticism fails to do justice to other features which give so much value and interest to the first translation of the Old Testament.—*The Work of God* (Kelly. 6d. net) is a report of a Conference at Cliff College where some Wesleyan ministers spent a week in taking counsel together as to the needs of the time. They find the secret of new influence in a clearer vision of Christ and His salvation.—*To Serve the Present Age* (Kelly. 6d. net) sets out some of the findings of this Conference in a way to arrest the attention of busy men and women, and shows their relation to the pressing problems of the time.—*Studies in St. Mark*, by G. B. Robson (Kelly. 4d. net), shows how Jesus healed the sick and revealed God to sinners. Each section has a Questionary which adds greatly to its interest and usefulness.—*The Lord's Coming and the World's End*. By W. J. L. Sheppard, M.A. (S.P.C.K. 2s. 6d. net.) This is a very sensible and well reasoned book. It has been written amid the distractions of a busy Birmingham parish, and deals with such subjects as the First Resurrection, the Millennium, the Judgement, the Jews, in a most helpful way. Mr. Sheppard finds no Scriptural warrant for a Double Advent, nor for any distinction between the Coming of the Lord and the Day of the Lord.—*The Coming of the King*, by T. Fenwick Greves (Morgan & Scott. 1s. 4d. net), finds silent witnesses to the coming in the Great Pyramid, and holds that 'the visions of Daniel have made clear the last great drama of the world's military history.'—*What It Means to be a Christian*. By Vernon F. Storr, M.A. (S.P.C.K. 2s. net). Seven sermons to a village congregation on the fundamental moral and religious truths of Christianity. It is a little book that gives a practical philosophy of Christian faith applied to daily life.—*God's Argument with England*. By R. Moffat Gautrey (Kelly. 1s. net). Four sermons of much force and significance. Mr. Gautrey sees the vastness of our imperial responsibility, and is eager that the nation should rise to the greatness of its opportunity.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVEL

George Meredith: A Study of His Works and Personality.

By J. H. E. Crees. (Oxford: Blackwell. 6s. net.)

MR. CREES regards Meredith 'in his combination of most vigorous intellect with fervent poetry and all the normal qualities of the novelist. . . . as an unparalleled and wondrous phenomenon, one of those rarely appearing giants of speech and thought whose kinship in tenseness of intellectual life and myriad-mindedness win them the epithet Shakespearean.' The vein is so rich that 'one quarries and quarries. One admires at first his cleverness, then his poetic ecstasy, lastly his noble soul.' After an introductory chapter, Mr. Crees divides his subject into the Comic Spirit, the Sentimentalist, Youth, Poetry, Philosophy, the Artist, and in a concluding chapter gathers up the results of his detailed survey. Meredith 'appeals to us not by boisterous joviality or mechanical puns, but by a subtle perception of contrasts, by an exquisite sense of the irony of things. It is a reflection of the terrestrial in one who dwells in a higher sphere, noting and recording with a smile of perfect kindliness the follies of an inferior race, noting them for a race of superterrestrials, his kinsmen in the Cosmic Spirit.' Mr. Crees dwells on the different elements in Meredith's personality which contributed to his greatness, and though he does not give a detailed account of the various works, his allusions are full of interest to lovers of the poems and novels. His survey leads to the judgement that no man has ever been endowed with richer gifts. 'Indeed, the aptest parallel to Meredith at his greatest in pregnancy of thought, opulence of language, lyric fervour, and tenseness of the mind, is a Shakespearean sonnet.' England did not widely recognize his fame until he verged upon old age. 'His poetry was unsaleable; his novels, for long years disregarded by most critics, failed even to win disdainful comments.' Mr. Crees does not ignore the difficulties of his style. He has some passages more difficult to construe than the hardest of Thucydides, but the more one studies him the more humane and kindly he seems, the wider and longer is his vision. It is a study worthy of the master to whom it is devoted.

Some Aspects of the Victorian Age. By the Right Hon.

H. H. Asquith. (Clarendon Press. 2s. net.)

This Romanes lecture does not go deeply into the literary achievement of the Victorian Age, but it presents a bird's-eye view which has its own value and charm. The only Sovereigns who have given their names to an epoch of English history are the three Queens, Elizabeth, Anne, and Victoria. The trust of the Romanes Lecture

does not allow politics or theology to be discussed, but that still leaves a wide field to be covered, and Mr. Asquith shows great skill in his survey. The two most picturesque passages describe Bishop Wilberforce's attack on Darwinism and Lord Beaconsfield's appearance on the side of the angels. Mr. Asquith describes Mr. Lytton Strachey's *Eminent Victorians* as 'the most trenchant and brilliant series of biographical and historical studies which I have read for a long time.' In one thing the Victorian Age was eminent. 'The prophetic office has rarely in history been better filled or more faithfully exercised' than by Carlyle and Ruskin. Matthew Arnold also harassed and pricked his generation with a well-burnished stiletto. Tribute is paid to Charles Kingsley's work. 'In poetry he has left two or three lyrics which are worthy, and this is high praise, to be placed side by side with Tennyson's best. And in the supremely difficult art of writing for children, which requires, in addition to command over the unexpected and the picturesque, the power of mixing good sense with nonsense, and letting the one glide imperceptibly into the other, he has not been surpassed; except, perhaps, by his Victorian contemporary,' 'Lewis Carroll.' This is a lecture to be read and enjoyed by every lover of English literature.

A Study of Calvin, and other Papers. By Allan Menzies.
With a Memoir by his daughter. (Macmillan & Co.
10s. net.)

The first 120 pages of this volume are filled by a singularly beautiful sketch of Professor Menzies. He was a very modest man, but wide circles, both in Europe and America, recognized him as a distinguished scholar in New Testament study and the history of religions. His mother was early left a widow with slender means to educate her five sons and four daughters. She took her seven younger children to Germany, where the boys were well grounded in Greek and Latin at the Stuttgart Gymnasium. In 1860 the family returned to Edinburgh. Allan did well at the Academy and at St. Andrew's University, and after studying divinity at Edinburgh served for sixteen years as minister of Abernethy. In 1889 he was appointed to the Chair of Biblical Criticism at St. Andrew's, which he held till his death in 1915. Sir John Herkless says 'accurate scholarship, wide learning, fidelity in research, critical judgement, and a desire to teach were the qualifications of Dr. Menzies for a Professor's chair.' He was a fearless seeker after truth—and sometimes ran the risk of being called a heretic, but 'God in Christ and Christ in man were his themes, and the love of God and the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ were the fundamental articles of his religion. These things he preached as one having authority.' His study of Calvin is a torso. It was prepared for a text-book which he did not live to finish. It does not express his view of Calvinism as a system of theology, but it gives an estimate of Calvin's personality, and of his teaching, influence, and personal message, which is of great interest. The downfall of

the authority of the Pope left room in his mind for the coming of the higher authority of the Bible. There is a beautiful paper on the hundredth Psalm which will appeal to all lovers of missions, and the Pauline Studies reveal his lifelong enthusiasm for the Apostle.

Small Talk at Wreyland. By Cecil Torr. (Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d. net.)

Wreyland is a hamlet of six houses on the side of the Wrey, which is a little tributary of the Teign in Devonshire. Mr. Torr wrote his *Small Talk* for private circulation, but some one happily suggested its publication, and thereby laid us under a real obligation. It is noted down in paragraphs without any attempt at order, and there are a few tantalizing entries such as that Mr. Torr was taken by his father to call upon a very old man, who gave him an account of the beheading of Charles I as he heard it from somebody, who heard it from an eye-witness. Unluckily Mr. Torr is uncertain of the details. One old lady loved Devonshire well, and looking across her garden on a gorgeous summe: afternoon said to him, 'I were just a-wonderin' if Heaven be so much better 'an this: 'cause, aless it wer, I don't know as I'd care for the change.' Mr. Torr describes how a child as late as 1902, who was born with a rupture, was passed thrice through a cleft ash tree from east to west. The father told him, 'Oh, it be a sight better since us put'n through a tree.' Mr. Torr often heard older men lament that duelling had ceased, as they were deprived of redress for an affront. 'And that is practically what happened, for these affronts were mostly of the sort for which a jury gives a farthing damages.' Two young olives grow in the garden at Yonder Wreyland. Neighbours were curious about the fruit, and were given olives to taste. One comment was—'Well, Mrs. — 'd never have christened her daughter Olive, if her'd a-tasted one of they.' One afternoon all the strawberries on a tree were eaten 'by a boy who was working in the garden; and they held an indignation meeting under the Rotunda. I asked him what the matter was, and he replied:—"Please, zir, my inwards be all of a uproar." The classic phrase of Devonshire is 'her told she.' A pious person said, 'Us didn't love He, 'twas Him loved we.' The school has not spoiled things. They still say, 'As 'twere fine, us did'n.' Beetles are bittles, beans are banes, Torquay is Tarkay. There are interesting notes of travel on the Continent. The queerest table d'hôte was at Tournai on Good Friday, 1875, where eighty people went steadily through a fish dinner of fifteen courses, and went home with a good conscience, because they had had a meatless day. Mr. Torr's great-uncle was a lieutenant in command of Sir John Moore's escort at Corunna. He was close by Moore when he was hit, and helped to bury him. He used to inveigh against the celebrated poem. 'It was not like that, and had no — poetry in it.' He went through the Peninsular War, and two of his brothers were at Waterloo in La Haye Sainte. Another brother was in the Navy, yet none of the four was ever wounded.

The Making of Yorkshire, 1750-1914. By J. S. Fletcher.
(Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Fletcher knows his Yorkshire well or he could not have written such a record as this. It is full of most interesting information. The first chapter describes the Yorkshire of 1750, when there were probably not more than half a million inhabitants on its four million acres. 'There were no towns of any size. Leeds was a collection of mean streets clustering about an old bridge. Sheffield was a rookery of squalid houses at the foot of a wild moorland. Bradford was no more than a big village closely packed in a hollow of the hills.' Hull only sent out a few ships; Scarborough was a collection of fishermen's cottages; Harrogate was a hamlet of nondescript buildings, half-inns, half farmsteads, which stood about a mineral spring, in the middle of a waste. Mr. Fletcher shows how modes of communication were improved by such men as Metcalf, the blind road-maker of Knaresborough; how inventors lavished fortunes in devising machinery, and how the manufactures of the county grew to colossal proportions. His accounts of the struggles and triumphs of John Brown, Lister, Holden, and others are as fascinating as any stories told by Samuel Smiles. The chapter on Religion and Charity gives a vigorous sketch of Dr. Hook's triumphs as Vicar of Leeds. Nonconformity is not overlooked, though Methodism has no place in the chapter. There is, however, a sympathetic reference to the work of Wesley and his preachers in an earlier part of the volume. The chapter on nineteenth-century Yorkshiremen is one of the best in a book that will be deservedly popular.

Sainte Chantal, 1572-1641. A Study in Vocation. By
E. K. Sanders. (S.P.C.K. 10s. 6d. net.)

Jeanne-Françoise Frémyot was born at Dijon on January 23, 1572. She was brought up as an ardent Catholic, and married Christophe de Rabutin, Baron De Chantal, when she was twenty. Her own home had been one of solid wealth, but her husband had many debts, a large household, and an insufficient income. She had to become, much against her inclinations, a woman of business, paying wages and checking accounts herself. She insisted that her husband and household should hear Mass on Sundays, and was present daily at the celebration in the Castle chapel. Her husband was accidentally shot by a friend when she was twenty-nine, and she was left with four children, of whom the eldest was seven and the youngest three weeks old. She had now to live with her father-in-law in circumstances that sorely taxed her temper and patience for nearly three years. In 1604 she met François de Sales, who was conducting Lenten services at Dijon. He was henceforth to be the dominating force in her life. It was his object to concentrate himself 'on every soul with which he dealt as if its perfecting were his sole object and each was his unique charge.' In 1610 she left her home and

her children and founded the Convent of the Visitation in Annecy. François de Sales died in 1622. She lived until December 18, 1641, busy with the affairs of the Order, which had now eighty-six houses. Her visits to them revealed the dangers due to 'the unfaithfulness of those who have given the outward pledges of surrender.' Her biographer says her place is among the mystics. She has been compared with Madame Guyon, and to both prayer was the ruling object of existence. Madame Guyon, however, regarded herself as 'exalted to a plane beyond the ken of ordinary humanity, and endowed with a capacity for union with the divine will which emancipated her from the laws by which human society is governed,' whilst Sainte Chantal reckoned herself as the least in spiritual order among her associates, and her deep experiences only increased her self-abasement. Her inner life is summed up in her words: 'All I can do is to fix myself simply upon God, uniting myself by complete surrender to His work in me.'

London and its Environs. Edited by Findlay Muirhead, M.A. (Macmillan & Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

This is the first of the Blue Guides. Including the appendix it has about 650 pages and 30 maps and plans, and every detail shows the unceasing vigilance of the editor and his staff. The accounts of Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Tower, the British Museum, and the National Gallery and other sights of London are wonderfully exact and complete. A slight gap may be detected here and there. The names of Samuel and Charles Wesley and Lord Mansfield might be added to the list of famous Westminster Scholars. Every one who turns to the Blue Guide habitually will find London grow richer every day. A welcome feature is the 'Literary Walks in London' by Mr. J. F. Muirhead; London Architecture by Prof. Lethaby; London History and Administration by Mr. C. Welch, and British Art by Dr. MacColl. An appendix, which can be detached for separate use, gives street plans, routes of trams, omnibuses, and underground railways. It is a really workmanlike guide.

Three French Moralists and the Gallantry of France. By Edmund Gosse, C.B. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)

The object of the three lectures which Mr. Gosse delivered at the Royal Institution last February was to trace to some of its sources the spirit of gallantry which inspired the young French officers at the beginning of the war. Highly finished portraits of La Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère, and Vauvenargues, and a critical estimate of their work are followed by a study of the young Frenchmen of 1714 who 'had recovered a sense of the spirituality of a war of national defence.' Colonel Ardent du Picq fell in 1870, but his *Etudes sur le Combat* were not published till 1880. The military reforms which he never ceased to advocate were treated as the

dreams of an eccentric idealist, and he did not live to see any of them carried out. But he had his reward when his *Etudes* became the text-book of the young French officer, never so much read as just before the outbreak of the war. He taught that it was a spiritual and not a mechanical ascendancy which had gained battles in the past and must gain them in the future. 'What has been the source of the Spirit of Self-immolation which has driven the intellectual and imaginative section of French youth to hold out both hands to catch the full downpour of the rain of death? There is no precedent for it in French history, and we may observe for ourselves how new a thing it was, and how unexpected, by comparing with the ardent and radiant letters and poems of the youngest generation the most patriotic expressions of their elders.' The book is a vivid illumination of French heroism, and will be read with no small pleasure.

Wesley and Whitefield. By H. Maldwyn Hughes, B.A., D.D. (Kelly. 2s. net.) This survey of the rise of Methodism will appeal to all who realize how 'the labours of Wesley and Whitefield revitalized religion in all the Protestant Churches.' It begins with a description of the state of England at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and describes the conversion of Whitefield and Wesley, their labours, and the results of their ministry. It is a careful and discriminating estimate, based on the best authorities and the interest is well sustained from first to last.—*The Life of Armelle Nicolas.* Translated from the French by Thomas Taylor Allen. (Allenson. 5s. net.) This account of a French servant's life and religious experience was drawn up by an Ursuline nun who had become attached to Armelle during the time she served their convent. It was first printed in 1676, and the third revised edition which Mr. Allen has translated appeared in 1704. Armelle's parents were devout peasants and as a girl she loved to pray and meditate. Her religious experience was very deep, and her unaffected modesty and devotion won her warm esteem from all who knew her. Her spirit is summed up in her saying, 'I would willingly deprive myself of every good in order that my God should be loved by a single soul.'

BOOKS ON THE WAR

The Glory of the Trenches. By Coningsby Dawson. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS is one of the most vivid books on the soldier at the Front and in hospital that we have seen. Mr. Dawson was on a visit to this country in the first weeks of the war, and felt a growing conviction that his own place was in the ranks. He kept his thoughts to himself and returned to America, where he settled his affairs and obtained a commission in the Canadian Field Artillery. His training was merciless. 'No experience on active service has equalled the humiliation and severity of those first months of soldiering. We were sneered at, cleaned stables, groomed horses, rode stripped saddle for twelve hours at the trot, attended lectures, studied till past midnight, and were up on first parade at six o'clock.' Of the class with which Mr. Dawson started not more than a third passed. When he was posted as due to go to France, his chief fear was that he would be afraid and might show it. He questioned himself in the train as to whether he was afraid. 'Not of Death,' I told myself. 'But of being afraid—yes, most horribly.' His first experience in No Man's Land did away with this terror. 'Physical fear is too deeply rooted to be overcome by any amount of training; it remains, then, to train a man in spiritual pride, so that when he fears, nobody knows it.' Military courage is practised that it may strengthen weaker men around one. Until he became part of the war, Mr. Dawson doubted about the nobility of others, but he came to see that 'the capacity for heroism is latent in everybody, and only awaits the bigness of the opportunity to call it out.' The last part of the book, 'God as we see Him,' is of extraordinary interest. 'The Hun will have to do a lot more shelling before he puts the lamp of kindness out.' The religion of the men is 'the religion of heroism, which they have learnt in the glory of the trenches.' To those who have thrust the world, affection, life itself behind them and gaze hourly into the eyes of Death, 'belief comes as simply and clearly as it did when we were children.' 'Doing their bit' means in Bible language 'laying down their lives for their friends. After all, they're not far from Nazareth.' 'We should go mad if we did not believe in immortality.' The religion of the trenches, as Mr. Dawson has learnt it, is 'to carry on as bravely as you know how, and to trust God without worrying Him.'

The Decoration of the Cross, and other Papers from France.

By John A. Patten, M.A. (James Clarke & Co. 3s. net.)

Mr. Patten has for two and a half years been studying the Book of Humanity at the Front. 'I have looked,' he says, 'for God where

at first sight He is not to be seen at all, and I have found Him everywhere.' He believes in and loves our men more than ever. 'Many of them are living in conscious loyalty to Jesus Christ, and they are the salt of the army; others, with less profession of faith, are so unbelievably brave, generous, and unselfish that one is ashamed before them.' The twenty-third Psalm is often chosen as the lesson at the Front: 'When suffering and death are all around, then that Psalm of Life and Death is yours, yours, yours, and you cling to it with desperation.' The mind of the soldier bears the stigmata of Christ, the Decoration of the Cross.' The war is 'a great school for experimental religion, and if it does not turn out saints, it will produce men who believe in God and fear Him.' Prayer means a great deal to the men. In one battalion all from the colonel to the youngest lad were praying during their first night in the trenches. 'Human character never shows in greater brilliance than it does in the war area; it is a bit of heaven in the midst of hell.'

The Coming Dawn: A War Anthology. By Theodora Thompson. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

This Anthology is fittingly dedicated 'To President Wilson, with sincere admiration and respect.' It gathers together the views of thoughtful men as to the meaning and outcome of the war, and supplies an antidote to pessimism and pacifism. Miss Thompson feels that when we open our minds to see above and beyond what seems 'so awful and so altogether wrong—by looking *through* not *at* all the misery and desolation, and by realizing that greater and higher powers than those of man are fighting,—one can have no shadow of doubt as to the ultimate outcome: Good *must* triumph over Evil, and Right over Wrong, or Might.' That is the note of the Anthology. The extracts are arranged in five groups: Spiritual Warfare; Righteous and Unrighteous Peace; Heroism and Self-Sacrifice; Through Catastrophe to Opportunity; Going West.' It is altogether an inspiring anthology.

France the Apostle, and The Ethics of the War. By Paul Hyacinthe Loyson. (Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. net.)

The first of these lectures was delivered before the Royal Institution in 1916, and the last two on the Ethics of the War in February, 1918. The manuscript was sent to press during the battle of Picardy, and is 'an act of religious homage paid by a Frenchman to the humblest son of Britain who has given his life to that cause in defending the soil of France.' As he has passed over land and sea on his military duty, M. Loyson has heard a cry of admiring astonishment. Men say that 'from this great deep of horror a spiritual splendour has arisen . . . a figure of pure gold. And that figure is France.' Up to the very moment of taking arms she tried to realize Truth in the sphere of thought and Justice in the sphere of action. The vivid drama of French history passes before us. The Crusades, Joan of

Arc, Napoleon—we see them all as we read this fine lecture. The two last lectures form a moral history of the war. It is 'a fight for an ideal in the midst of hell.' The first lecture shows 'The Cause Triumphant,' the second dwells on certain influences at work which imperil the cause.

Outwitting the Hun, by Lieut. Pat O'Brien, R.F.C. (Heinemann. 6s. net), is an amazing story of escape from a German prison camp. The writer was trained in Canada, got his 'wings' in England in May, 1917, and on August 17 killed two Huns in a double-seated machine in the morning, another in the evening and was then taken prisoner. He escaped by leaping from the window of a railway carriage when it was going at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and worked his way to the Dutch frontier, where he crawled under the double wire fence and the electrically charged fence between them, to touch which meant instant death. He lived on raw roots, save when he got food at some friendly cottage. He was directed to some Belgians in a large town, who tried to extort a large sum of money from him for help on the way to the frontier. He refused to give this blackmail, and by an amazing series of adventures won his way to freedom. He feels that without the help of Providence such an escape would have been impossible. King George heard his adventures with intense interest, and they make an enthralling book.

Rome and the War. By Watchman. (McBride, Nast & Co. 8s. 6d. net.) The writer seeks to prove that Rome and Rome's army of Jesuits are the real authors and instigators of the present war. He bases his study on the prophecy in Rev. xi. and finds in Radicals and Suffragettes allies of the Jesuits.—*The Development of German Prize Law*. By C. H. Huberich and Richard King. (New York: Baker, Voorhis & Co.) Mr. Huberich belongs to the bar of the United States and Mr. King practises as a solicitor in London. They published in 1915 a translation of the German Prize Code then in force, and now set forth the amendments to it up to May last. The principal decisions of German Prize Courts are noted as well as the views of legal writers set forth in the principal periodicals.—*In the East African War Zone*. By J. H. Briggs. (Church Missionary Society. 1s. 3d. net.) The writer is a missionary in German East Africa, and regards it as unthinkable that Germany should ever again be allowed to lord it over these helpless natives. The missionaries were interned, and native teachers were flogged to make them give false witness as to the work of the Mission. Their constancy was beyond praise.—*Bees' Wings and Ruby Queens*. By James Butterworth, B.E.F. (Kelly. 1s. net.) These are 'a private's digressions' which help us to understand what the soldier feels about padres and how he regards the great questions involved in the war. They are put in an arresting way. 'The imaginary correspondence of two soldier pals' is distinctly reassuring as to the spirit of our men. It is a fresh and vivid little book.

GENERAL

The Quest of the Face. By Stephen Graham. (Macmillan & Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS was the last book Mr. Graham wrote before entering the army. It has a welcome touch of autobiography, and is in part a record of actual life and search in the streets and among friends. It invites its readers to become builders of the City in which Mr. Graham and the Servian friend whom he makes his companion have been 'active spiritual masons.' Its illustrations are drawn largely from Russian sources, in hope that 'the suggestion of their power and beauty may remind some that, though Russia seems to have fallen, there is an imperishable Russia which cannot fall.' The germ thought of the book is that we are all seeking an ideal face. The diversity of mankind finds expression in their diverse ideals. 'Yet as in truth we are all one, so all these faces are one, and all the loveliness is one loveliness.' Mr. Graham has kept a portrait of Christ, given him as a child, lying within the leaves of his Testament for twenty years. 'They say He is alive. I long to find Him. He is to be found. But oh, that I knew where!' The nearest approach to the portrait of Christ he found in his search was the face of a dead man whom no one knew. 'Christ is the link between the living and the dead, and looking on the dead man's face one is suddenly, as it were, aware of Him.' Nevertheless, Mr. Graham fervently believes that Christ is to be found in the faces of the living, and he sets out to find Him. The quest leads him to strange places and to studies of such lives as Napoleon's. He is a mystic, but a practical one, who probes the unrest and canker of life, and sees with the mind's eye a great cloud of witnesses—'all the faces that ever were created watching us being perfected and finished in Christ, because without us they cannot be made perfect.' The book is thought-provoking.

The Visions of an Artist. Studies in G. F. Watts, R.A., O.M. With Verse Interpretations. By H. W. Shrewsbury. (Kelly. 7s. 6d. net.)

The object of this volume is to bring young students under the spell of G. F. Watts and to supply a key to some of his great allegorical paintings. Twenty-one of the masterpieces are reproduced in Vandyck photogravure, and each is described in a way that will lead to real devotional study. The first chapter, on 'the man, the artist, and the teacher,' lays stress upon those points in his character and methods of work that stimulate thought, fire ambition, and encourage effort. The book is a frank attempt to win for Watts the hero-worship of the young, and each study is arranged in an order 'governed by

a sequence of thought beginning with the infinite from which the soul comes and leading up to the infinite to which it passes and the ultimate triumph of Love.' The way in which the themes are worked out would have delighted the artist himself, and the little poems prefixed to each study bring out its characteristic features in a very skilful style. Lovers of Watts will count this volume treasure indeed.

The Poetry of Lucretius. By C. H. Herford. (Longmans. 1s. net.)

Prof. Herford has here expanded a lecture which he delivered at the John Rylands Library. He describes Lucretius' masterpiece as 'at once a scientific treatise, a gospel of salvation, and an epic of nature and man; yet we are rarely conscious of any one of these aims to the exclusion of the rest.' His science, roughly speaking, was the creation of Democritus; his gospel that of Epicurus. He 'shadowed forth, if half consciously and in spite of himself, the yet greater poetic thought of a living power pervading the whole, drawing the elements of being together by the might of an all-permeating Love.' His 'annihilating exposure of the religions founded upon fear insensibly prepared the way for the religions of hope and love.'

Frenzied Fiction. By Stephen Leacock. (John Lane. 4s. net.)

Prof. Leacock has gained an enviable reputation as a humourist in this country as well as among his own folk in Canada. In his latest book he makes pleasant fun of novelists who work themselves up into a fine frenzy about spies and the return to nature. There is no sting in it, but it is a relief to have this daylight poured on some phases of present-day fiction. 'Back from the land' will amuse amateur gardeners, and 'Ideal Interviews' are very clever. 'Merry Christmas' with his war-time woes has a pathos of its own.

The Humphries Touch. By Frederick Watson. (Collins. 6s. net.) George Andrews Humphries goes to Warrenders, and sets the whole school by the ears. He is only fifteen and small for his years, but he is an expert financier and a man of the world. As a schoolboy he is certainly unique, and his adventures take away one's breath. He sets himself to transform Warrenders, but 'sentiment' beats him, and he leaves for New York. It is a story full of astonishments, and with a rich vein of fun and much veiled satire on schoolmasters and publishers, who will enjoy it as much as their natural enemies—schoolboys and authors!—*Karen*, by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick (Collins. 6s. net), is the story of an English girl who goes to a German schoolfellow's wedding, and herself marries an aristocratic German officer. When war breaks out her position is intolerable, and she nearly forfeits her life in helping some English prisoners to escape. The seamy side of German life is shown with truth and skill in this dramatic story. *Karen* is a brave woman, but she has a trying life in the castle of her husband's father. Her maid Wilkins is a character, and the American gentleman who rescues them both deserves his good fortune.

The Silver Shadow. By F. W. Boreham. (Kelly. 5s. net.) This is Mr. Boreham's seventh volume of essays, and it is as full of fresh and racy things as ever. It takes its title from the little Maori maid, who lay gazing into the placid lake: 'Look! it is a sea of silver shadows!' It has some charming bits of autobiography which light up the writer's past; it is rich in spoils gathered from books and from life. It has many a surprise for us and many a delight, and it is so wise and gracious that we grow wise and gracious by sharing the thoughts of such a master.—*Free Churches and the State* (Kingsgate Press. 4s. net), by Dr. T. Bennett, is an exposition of the legal principles which govern the position of the Free Churches within the State, with illustrations of the manner in which these principles operate. Dr. Warren's case and the Scottish Free Church Case, 1904, are among the illustrations of this valuable discussion.—*A Child's Pilgrim's Progress, Part II.* By H. G. Tunncliffe, B.A. (Kelly. 1s. 6d. net.) The story of Christiana and her children is here told in a way that will greatly please young readers. The charm of Bunyan's narrative is kept, but things that were not easy for a child to understand are lighted up. It is a little book that will be welcomed in every family library.—*The Stars and How to Identify them*, by E. W. Maunder, F.R.A.S. (Kelly. 1s. net), is a pocket guide to the heavens such as only an expert could have given us. The Plough is shown in a key-map, with the principal circumpolar stars in position around it. Circular maps are given for the four seasons, and eighteen maps, showing the constellations in more detail. Clear descriptions are given of each map in the text. It is an invaluable guide to the wonders of the sky. Another volume in the same series is on *Beetles and Spiders*, by S. N. Sedgwick, M.A. A general description of beetles and spiders is followed by the classification of each, and a description of typical beetles and spiders. It is a wonderful world, and Mr. Sedgwick knows how to make it attractive by his text and his wealth of illustrations.—*The League of Nations the Opportunity of the Church.* (Hodder & Stoughton. 3d. net.) Dr. Gore thinks the Church should welcome this project of a League of Nations, and should organize itself into vigorous unanimity to press it on the attention of all civilized peoples. He sketches the history of the movement, faces certain difficulties, and shows the grounds for hope in a very clear and forcible way.—*Life's Dusty Way: Old Failures and New Ideals.* By the Rev. W. Y. Fullerton. (Morgan & Scott. 3s. net.) These twenty-six essays on Manners, Habits, Money, and other subjects are intended to show the way that others have trod, and thus to guide 'those who are still hesitant on the road.' Picturesque incidents are used to light up the teaching of a wise and racy book.

Periodical Literature

BRITISH

The Edinburgh Review (July).—Dr. Shadwell's article, 'Germanism, War, and Peace' is based on three new German books. Dr. Renner, a Socialist, endorses the German claim to override all law without disguise, and adopts the principle *Noth kennt kein gebot*. Necessity knows no law. He argues that aggrandisement was necessary for Germany, and that she was justified in going to war for that end. Dr. Renner's companion in arms, Dr. Paul Lensch, throws off all restraint. 'He boldly describes the economic development that has led to the war as exclusively German, glories in it, and in the conduct of the war, and throws overboard all the old ideals. With him socialism becomes identified with Germanism.' Mr. Fayle, in 'The Navigation Acts,' points out the danger of embarking after the war on 'the dangerous and doubtful game of retaliation.'

Hibbert Journal (July).—The inevitable subject of the League of Nations is handled by Sir Roland Wilson and Mr. J. A. R. Marriott. The former urges that the British Empire should set an example of self-denial 'by contracting rather than extending the red line wherever that can be done without betraying weak peoples' and by encouraging the Overseas Dominions to take upon themselves the full responsibilities of nationhood. Mr. Marriott, asking the question *Quis custodiet custodes?* who will see that the decrees of the League are carried out? argues that a change of heart amongst the peoples is necessary, and without it 'the erection of the elaborate machinery of supernationalism would be a vain and delusive enterprise; given a change of heart, the machinery might prove to be superfluous.' As ethical essays, both articles are interesting; as contributions to practical politics they are not conspicuously helpful. Prof. B. W. Bacon, of Yale, under the title *Christus Militans*, unfolds the thesis that the Allies in the great War are carrying on the work of Christ, by engaging in the present struggle for God's Kingdom against ruthless barbarism and bestiality of conduct. Dr. C. Mercier comes to the same conclusion on other lines of argument. Priests, clergy, and ministers may, he says, 'with clear consciences preach a crusade against the Germans . . . aye, and take part in it. No precept of Christ's forbids them to do so.' Prof. H. L. Stewart, of Nova Scotia, contends that 'Sincerity, not Policy, is the first need of the Churches.' He ascribes the comparative failure of the organized Churches to lead public opinion to the fact that their leaders have shown themselves more apt to excel in 'ecclesiastical manœuvres' than ready to go out into the wilderness to witness for the truth. Prof. John Laird, of Belfast, in 'The Ethics of Immortal Reward,'

seeks to prove that 'there is no evidence that the moral ends of the universe are not strong and stable enough to dispense with reward and punishment; and it is better to think that they are.' Miss Gertrude Robinson writes on 'David Urquhart, a Forgotten Prophet,' and Principal Forsyth's vigorous article on 'The Reality of God: a War-time Question,' could only have been written by himself.

Church Quarterly Review (July).—The Rev. Dr. Skrine, in 'A League of Nations and a League of Churches,' says union of Churches will be a maimed thing, scarce to be called a union of hearts, if communion in the Supper cannot be. Reunionists must ask whether ministerial succession is a necessity for the celebrant of a vital Eucharist, and such a deep-giving necessity that where it is wanting the Churches cannot drink the Cup of Life together.

Constructive Quarterly (March).—Prof. Sokoloff, of Petrograd, writes on 'The Orthodox Church of Jerusalem,' which occupies the fourth place among the autocephalous patriarchates of the Orthodox East. The patriarch governs his Church in conjunction with the Holy Synod. Palestine has always been a great centre of monasticism, and there are more than fifteen monasteries in Jerusalem, besides a whole network of monastic organizations over the Holy Land. For the most part they have only three or four inmates, who live a simple life and celebrate divine service.

Calcutta Review (April).—In 'India and the Empire' A. Yusuf Ali pleads for inter-Imperial education. He would like to see the idea of Rhodes' scholarships extended to India, and the fostering of an Imperial sentiment 'that the flag is our own, to work and fight for.' Dr. Farquhar describes 'The Bhagavata Purana and the Sects dependent thereon.' Mr. Bradley-Birt gives a glowing account of the great square of Ispahan, 560 yards long by 174 wide.

Holborn Review (July).—Dr. F. J. Powicke, in answering the question, 'When and how did Jesus found the Church?' follows Prof. B. W. Bacon, whom he styles 'one of the sanest critics of the New Testament,' in reviving a supposedly lost 'Petrine tradition.' The 'actual historic dawn of the resurrection faith' began with and was due to Peter: 'there is apparently no room for the part played by the women, or the angels, or the empty tomb.' As worked out in this article, 'sanity' does not seem to be the prevailing characteristic of the theory. 'The Hymnody of the Church,' by H. Westerby, Mus.Bac., deals interestingly with an always interesting subject. The Editor, in printing an article on 'The Creation Stories as Literature,' invites the opinions of readers on its fundamental idea that the narratives were not intended to be regarded as scientific, but as poetic and literary. The article, 'Prayers for the Dead,' by T. Parr, takes up an agnostic position as to the possibility of repentance on the part of lost souls, but concludes that 'there is not the vestige of a shadow of reason for the idea that any man can pray a sinner out of hell.'

Expository Times (July and August).—Rev. W. E. Evill, writing on 'The Faithful Sayings' in the Pastoral Epistles, propounds the view that there is one faithful saying and one only, that contained in 1 Tim. i. 15, which came to be known as *ἡ ῥήσις*, the word, the message of messages. Rev. John Edwards, of Wakefield, contributes a good paper on 'Preaching in the Twentieth Century,' with illustrative extracts, and telling remarks of his own, but it might have had a better title than 'Up-to-dateness.' Canon Winterbotham writes on 'Are they Few that be saved?' and Rev. W. M. Rankin on 'Judging.' Rev. P. A. G. Clark's paper on 'Rutherford'—so he spells the name—in Aberdeen gives a graphic description which will interest all readers of the famous Letters. Canon Ayles, in 'The Credibility of the Fourth Gospel,' protests against the 'prevalent presumption' that when St. John differs from the Synoptists he is always unhistorical. Such a presumption is certainly not characteristic of the best modern scholarship. Rev. J. Bretherton, of Sunderland, answers substantially in the negative the often propounded question, 'Is the Weather a Legitimate Subject for Prayer?' The editor's notes and reviews of books are valuable—as usual.

The Round Table (September).—The opening article on 'The Unity of Civilization' dwells on the turn of the tide at the opening of the fifth year of the war. The period of anxious suspense came to an end on July 18, when a new phase opened. 'America's Will to Victory' is shown in the second article; there is also an illuminating study of 'The Spirit of the Russian Revolution' which will repay careful attention, and an important discussion of the Montagu-Chelmsford Report. The *Round Table* is essential for students of the war and the great movements of our times.

AMERICAN

Harvard Theological Review (July).—Three articles embody the results of historical research. Dr. Rufus M. Jones writes on 'The Anabaptists and Minor Sects in the Reformation.' 'They failed in their day to carry through their programme, but it was in the main a noble aspiration, much of it was wisely conceived, historical experience has confirmed many of the aims embodied in it, and it deserves patient and impartial, if not sympathetic, study.' Prof. Woodbridge Riley has gathered information, not easily accessible, about 'Early Free-thinking Sects in America,' holding that the general histories of liberal thought fail to do justice to this subject. The third decade of the nineteenth century is said to mark the beginning of the end of these societies in America. Dr. J. W. Buckingham's article on 'The Pilgrim Tercentenary and Theological Progress' is a broad-minded attempt to estimate the present theological situation so far as it relates to the Trinitarian and Unitarian branches of the original New England Congregationalism.

Princeton Theological Review (July).—The chief article in this number is by Dr. B. B. Warfield. It is entitled, 'The Victorious

Life,' and brings the writer's heaviest artillery to bear upon what he holds to be certain mischievous current doctrines of 'Perfectionism.' The criticisms are concerned mainly with 'the victory in Christ movement,' led by Mr. C. G. Trumbull, editor of the *Sunday School Times*, and apparently echoing the teaching of 'Keswick' and Mr. and Mrs. Pearsall Smith. Dr. Warfield, however, suspects that 'back of all looms the general Wesleyan background'—not for good. Without entering into the controversy, we may say that if all writers on the subject of Christian perfection wrote with the guarded care and shrewd practical insight of John Wesley, the quietism, anti-nomianism, and other errors which have marked some 'perfectionist' writers would have been avoided.

Methodist Review (New York) (May-June).—Bishop Quayle opens this number with a fervid article on 'The Revelation of St. John.' President Schell, of Iowa, discusses the retiring allowances made to ministers in the light of the Carnegie Foundation for Pensions. He urges revision of existing 'desultory and non-actuarial plans' in the Churches. Professor Crawford, of Manitoba, writes a short but thoughtful paper on Tennyson's Criticism of Life; and Prof. Bowen, of Randolph-Macon College, furnishes an appreciation of 'Henry James the Realist.' The contents of the number are varied, so as to suit all tastes. The editor takes care that no writer shall have too much space allotted to him. Yet three pages may sometimes be too much! (July-August).—In the July number there are several war-articles. Bishop McDowell's 'Church in a World at War' contains an inspiring appeal, which may be summed up in his words, 'We never had a better chance. We never had a larger call.' Prof. J. McDixon contrasts Treitschke and Tennyson in a vigorous paper; and Dr. R. E. Zeigler, under the title 'Our Lost Leader,' pens a warm appreciation of Dr. Denney, of Glasgow.

Methodist Review (Nashville) July.—The Editor, Dr. H. M. Du Bose, announces his retirement from the charge of the Review and the appointment of his successor, Dr. F. M. Thomas. Dr. Du Bose has shown both ability and enterprise during the six or seven years of his Editorship, and there is no question concerning the scholarship and ability of his successor. Dr. Du Bose writes on 'A Universe of Consciousness,' and Dr. Magoun on 'Historical Perspective in Criticism.' It is a number of varied interest.

Bibliotheca Sacra (July).—A large part of this number is occupied by one article entitled 'Is the Sermon on the Mount homiletically defensible?' by E. N. Harris. The Sermon is at least ever fresh and ever needing fresh exposition, but it may be questioned whether the writer approaches the subject from the best point of view. 'The Divine Immanence' is the title of a thoughtful article by D. F. Estes, who shows the dangers, as well as the value, of modern teaching on the subject. He quotes freely from current literature, but has apparently not seen Prof. Platt's able Fernley Lecture upon it.

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